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# AT THE WORLD'S MERCY;

*Or,*

## The Fortunes of the Darrells.

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CHAPTER I.

AN UNINVITED GUEST.

It was a cheerless night with the snow falling heavily. Here on the embankment overlooking the Hudson it was particularly dreary for the wind from the river sent the flakes flying in eddying gusts that cut the faces of the few pedestrians like the lash of a whip. On one corner of the Riverside Drive almost facing a huge stone house half hidden by gaunt white trees that glittered in the light of the electric lamp stood a man muffled in a shaggy overcoat puffing moodily on a cigar.

For an hour or more he had stood there silently, as immovable as the iron post against which he leaned. Only raising his head now and then to cast a look at the great house before him where now only a single light glimmered from an upper window.

What kept him on that cold corner in the deserted street when every one who was not safely in doors was hurrying home? Business and not pleasure had brought Mr. Stivers there and from the impatience he was beginning to manifest he was anxious that the business should begin. As the last light died in the upper window he turned and cast a curious look up and down the street.

"Well, I never thought I'd be driven to this sort of work again," he grumbled to himself. "I only hope that it'll pay me for my trouble. Looks like a fat haul of a shop, but you never can tell. It's my last job in this line, anyway, so I hope it'll be a good one."

He threw away the butt of his cigar and after glancing up and down once more to assure himself that he was not observed, he glided across the snow-covered street and scrambled up the terrace — disappeared from sight among the trees.

It was an admirable night for an uninvited visit, for the snow deadened the sound of all footsteps while the wind kept up a continual sighing among the trees. It was for this reason that Mr. Stivers had been tempted to make the venture, for being a cautious individual he rarely undertook an enterprise that involved as much possible risk. Here was a chance, however, that seemed safe and which might go far towards restoring his financial condition.

Under the colonial portico he paused to take breath, for his fight against the wind had begun to tell on his strength. Leaning against the great door with his ear at the keyhole he listened for any sound within.

"This looks as if it was going to be a soft thing," he muttered to himself. "I guess I won't crow until I've played my hand."

Most gentlemen on a like mission would have waited until early morning before engaging on such an enterprise, but Stivers meant to make the most of the storm, and he was already weak from the cold, and anxious to have it over with. He found one window that seemed to offer a good opportunity and had just begun to work on it when an unusual sound caused him to pause and look around him anxiously.

He only saw the gaunt limbs of the trees above swaying in the wind and heard the rush of the river below. What was that white thing in the middle of the lawn that seemed to move?

Pooh! it was nothing but the fountain covered with snow and caked with ice.

"I'm getting to be a coward in my old age," he grumbled, as he went back to his work. No sound after that came to disturb him and he soon had the satisfaction of seeing the window open and stepped hastily into the hall. Carefully closing the sash he lit a small pocket lantern and flashed it about.

It was a vast hall, one might have driven a carriage through it with ease. The polished floor was covered with rugs that bespoke the good taste of the owner while settles of black oak lined the walls and on one side stood a great fireplace where a faint fire was still burning. It seemed strangely silent in the old house, now that he had come out of the noise of the storm; the ticking of the tall clock by the stair seemed to be singularly loud. He proceeded with caution towards the fireplace, knowing from experience that polished floors had been known to wreck the adventurous career of many an able cracksman.

The night was still and young yet and there was certainly no need to hurry things, so for some moments he stood before the fire warming his hands, feeling a sense of ease and comfort in the pleasant atmosphere after his vigil on the corner.

"Come, come, this won't do, Bill," he remarked to himself, as he found himself almost nodding. "I'd disgrace the profession if they were to come in the morning and find me sound asleep on the rug. I've heard tell of such things. Get a move on, old man. From the looks of things this promises fine pickings."

He cast a speculative look around him as if meditating what his first step should be.

"I want to tackle those stairs, they look too slippery. With such an overcoat I'd tumble before I was half way up. Taking 'em off might make a run through the snow in my stockings for nothing. No; the upstairs has got to go. Ah!" pushing open a door and peering in, "The study. Let's have a look over the premises here."

He passed in and found himself in a high panelled room simply furnished but for a few book cases and some leather-covered chairs and a desk.

"This looks like business," remarked Mr. Stivers. "The gent's private office, I presume, and if that's the case he must keep dollars about." Then he gave vent to an oath, for he saw the front of a safe set in the wall that was painted so like the rest of the panelling as hardly to be distinguished from it.

"First frost," he remarked laconically. "No tackling that; I ain't fixed for it, but this is more in my line," as he inserted a wedge in the old-fashioned kind with a lid—and opened it dexterously.

"Pshaw. Nothing but papers," as he flashed the tiny lantern over the contents of the interior of the furniture. Ah, something glittering. His eager hand reached out and picked up a small roll of gold pieces.

"Counting them over in his fingers, he exclaimed, disgustedly: "Say, I better take the brick layin'. It would pay better than this sort of a game." Further search revealed no more money, so with a curse at his hard luck he thrust the gold up in a piece of paper he found in the drawer and thrust the package into his great coat pocket.

The desk lid dropped with a bang, stupefying him by benumbed fingers, at the same time he heard a creaking sound without in the hall.

"I guess I've stayed here long enough," as he glided towards the door, first taking care to shut the slide of his lantern.

His fears had been in vain, for there was no one in the hall.

"What an old scare cat I'm getting to be, anyway," he muttered, with a chuckle, "I've lost my hand for this sort of work, so in the future I'll leave it to younger hands."

He regained the window and closed it carefully behind him. It had not been a very profitable enterprise, but it had been carried out without danger, and he was now provided with sufficient funds to carry him along for a few weeks in comparative comfort. By that time, no doubt, a more lucrative job would present itself. There was always something that turned up if one went the right way about it. So it happened that Mr. Stivers wended himself up into very good humor as he glided over the snow.

His feelings underwent a sudden change when coming out from the fringe of trees a hand was suddenly laid firmly on his arm.

"Von moment, my dear, von moment!" pitied a voice at his elbow.

Stivers turned on the defensive with an oath, then he laughed.

"What, Abner, is it you? Haven't followed the detective force, have you, that you haul up an old friend?"

"Hush, Bill, not so loud," replied the one who was a little man, almost a dwarf, and whose bearded face was almost hidden by a broad brimmed slouch, hat that might have belonged to a cowboy.

"This is no place for gents to talk," and, with these words he set off at a brisk pace towards the street, leading from the river, not even stopping to see if Mr. Stivers was going to follow him or not. He made his way almost on the run with a loping animal-like gait, pausing for a moment on the corner of his course as if to get his bearings, and then was off again at such a rate that Mr. Stivers had trouble in keeping up with him. Finally he darted into an alley, and, stopping before a tall building in front of which a red light was feebly burning, he knocked in a peculiar way. The door opened almost immediately and passing through a damp and foul-smelling hall, he pushed open a door at the further end.

"You have had good news—"

The place must have been strange to Stivers, for he looked around him curiously. It was a long, low ceilinged room, in which they found themselves and had at one time evidently been a billiard saloon from the marks of the old cue racks left on the dingy walls. At intervals were certain box-like compartments such as may be found in a low class of English chop houses and each contained one or more patrons, male and female, who were carousing noisily. There happened to be one which contained only a single occupant asleep, and he was bundled unceremoniously out on the floor by the dwarf, and they took possession.

"Did you know it was me, Abner?" asked Stivers, as he took a sip at the glass

of steaming punch he had ordered. "A dangerous thing that—to tackle a man under such conditions. It might have ben too late for you to explain who you were if I had acted quick. You knew me in that light."

"I wasn't sure, Mr. Stivers. I wasn't sure. I t'ought you was in Europe."

"So I was, but I went broke and thought I'd return to the old field. By the way, I wish you would drop that name Stivers."

"Well, dat's your name, ain't it?"

"That maybe, but I don't choose to be called by it. Desmond is my name. Wilber Desmond. I have to live up to it, too, which is somewhat expensive for a man who is hard up."

"All right, my boy. You can have all the name you choose, for all I care. But, tell me, you don't look as dough you had been hard up—nice clothes, a diamond pin. Just let me hav' a look at the stone, my tear," reaching out a grimy hand as if to take it out of the other's necktie.

"Pooh, pooh! hands off, old Shylock, that is a fake I picked up in Europe. It would deceive anyone but an old diamond dealer like you. I hope soon to be able to replace it with a real one. I expect you to put me up something good after awhile; it is some time since we worked on any game together."

Desmond, as he now called himself, took a handsome cigar case out of his inner pocket and lighting a cigar, regarded the withered face of his vis-a-vis with interest.

Mr. Abner Schuman, diamond broker, money-lender, and fence, scratched his gray bearded chin thoughtfully for a moment and cast a searching look at his companion.

"It might be dat we do business together," he said; "but I t'ought from vat I see tonight dat you vas going it alone, ain't it. You vasn't calling on de Dorrances at dat time of night, vas you?" He had a way of talking brogue at times and again the best of English.

"Yes; but I didn't find anyone at home," replied the other, falling into his humor.

"Which pleased you much, eh?" with a hoarse chuckle.

"I see what you are driving at. You want to know what I got, eh?"

The little man nodded.

"Seeing that it is you, I don't mind telling. It was a beggarly one hundred in ten dollar gold pieces."

Schuman cackled noisily.

"You mean to say that a gent of your known ability would—ah visit a rich house like dot and come away with a beggarly hundred. You must be mistooken, my friend. Come, I don't ask because I expect to share, but be honest with an old man."

"Well, if you can make any more out of it than that you are welcome," said his companion, at the same time laying the small roll of money on the table, still wrapped up in paper." There is every cent I got, done up in the original package."

The old man still apparently doubting, reached over a clawlike hand and opened the roll, running the gold pieces through his fingers.

"Mighty poor pay for a night's work in this weather, eh?" asked Desmond, as he took the money out of the German's hand and slipped the pieces in his pocket. "Well, what's the matter now?"

Schuman's eyes were sparkling as they glanced over the piece of paper in which the money had been wrapped. His lips were moving silently, while his hands trembled.

"If I am not mistaken," he said at length, slowly, "this is the best night's work you have ever done."

"Don't be a fool—a miserable hundred dollars!"

Schuman cackled noisily.

"A hundred dollars in gold; yes, my child, but dis paper—dis paper," tapping it with a long and dirty finger, "will be worth to us ten thousand!"

## CHAPTER II.

"Not losing your mind, old man, are you?" asked Desmond, with a laugh. "You mean to say that shabby bit of paper is worth ten thousand to us?"

"You are not deef, my child, that is what I said. Here, have a look at it, and thank yourself that I met you tonight, or you would mebbe have chucked that bit of paper away or lit a cigar with it," as he spoke he handed over the paper, which his companion took with a skeptical smile on his face.

"Humph! A letter from Richard Darrel of Cuba to his old friend, John Dorrence, 16 Riverside Drive, New York."

"Just so, my dear," said Schuman, rubbing his hands together. "That's the house you visited tonight. My, how slow you are reading a bit of paper like dat. Come, give it to me and I will explain," snatching it out of his hand. "All dere is to it is dis, but it means a good deal to us. Dorrance here has an only daughter whom he is anxious to marry off to his old friend Darrell's son, and this is the letter in which the latter agrees to the bargain. The girl has sixty thousand dollars for a wedding portion; why, dere is no reason why we should not touch twenty thousand of it."

"But I don't see?"

"Vot a stupid man you are, and pretend to be so smart. Look here, don't the name of Darrell suggest noddings to you?"

"There used to be a George Darrell," said the other, thoughtfully.

"Just so, who we helped to get rid of his money and who went to de dogs. Vell, dere is only a few years difference between him and his good brudder, who is now with his father in Cuba."

"I begin to see where you are drifting," said Desmond, his face lighting up as the magnitude of the scheme gradually dawned upon him.

"What you propose to do is to get the reckless George to take the place of his brother Frank and sue for the hand of the heiress?"

"Just so; you are not so stupid, after all."

"Thank you. But if the real brother should turn up our little game would be knocked into a cocked hat."

Schuman smiled at his companion in a pitying way.

"If he turns up before this marriage takes place so much the worse for him. But after it is all over and we have come into our money what will it matter. Then we can go abroad for I am getting too old to work and have enough to live in comfort in the old country."

"Your scheme is a mighty good one and promises well, but Darrell I thought had long ago disappeared in the depths and has never risen to the surface again."

"I can lay my hands on him when I want him. He went down and stayed down and will never get up without help. That help we vill offer him and if I ain't mooch mistaken he will jump at the chance of getting back in his old place in soshiety. Who vouldn't?"

"But he may have scruples."

"You are full of objections. We von't tell him vat vee vant of him until he is rigged out new and fixed comfortable, den rather than give up everything an' go back to the ditch he will consent to anything, take an old man's word for it."

"It's worth the venture, anyway. But I don't see where I am to be of any use in the undertaking?"

"I mean that you shall be his private secretary. It wont be a hard job unless you make it so, and I must have a man near him to see that he don't kick over the traces. He will no doubt be asked to live at the Dorrances when they find that he is in town, and you will accompany him there. You can look over the banker's correspondence and warn me when the other brother is expected."

"That's dangerous work."

"Not half so dangerous as it was when you made your first visit to the house tonight," with a chuckle. "De stake is a big von, and so it requires some risk. But vere could you make money so easily?"

"True, true, and just now I have nothing else on hand, so I'm with you," and he reached over and grasped the hairy paw of his companion in token of the compact.

"De first work cut out for us is to find the man," said Schuman. He might have said more if at that moment the sound of a scuffle and angry voices without the compartment had not brought them both to their feet.

"'Pears to me that I recognize one of dem voices," said the German, as they stuck their heads out of the partition to see what was going on.

The proprietor of the place, a stout, bull-necked person, in his shirtsleeves, was attempting to eject a young man through the door. The latter, whose pale face bore some signs of former refinement, was hoarsely protesting.

"Come, Mr. Miner, I only want to get warm. It's devilish cold in the street, I tell you."

"We don't run this place for fun," was the gruff response. "We don't want no 'chair warmers.' If you have the price all right, otherwise git out. There's only room here for payers, understan'!"

"Pshaw, it's none of our affairs," said Desmond, who had been watching the [illegible]

"That's where you make a fine mistake, my distinguished friend. De young man is George Darrell."

Before his companion could recover from the astonishment produced by this announcement, Schuman was out of the compartment and had tapped the proprietor on the shoulder.

"You don't seem to be a little bit polite to my friends, Mr. Miner. The stout man turned as if he would have felled the speaker, but his manner suddenly and marvelously changed when he saw who it [illegible]

"A friend o' yours, Mr. Schuman. How was I to know? The young man is your friend and that settles it."

"I t'ink so. Come in here, young man, I would have a word with you. As for you, Miner, bring a pitcher of punch—my friend seems cold," leading the way into the compartment where Desmond was seated again.

The young man followed slowly, almost reluctantly, as if he was not particularly grateful for the interference and yet was in a position where he could not afford to refuse the other's invitation. He was dressed shabbily in clothes that had once been of a fashionable cut and in one ragged buttonhole was the remains of a faded flower. His gloveless hands, still red with the cold, were finely shaped and his face haggard and careworn, was that of a man of gentle birth. He was, indeed, what he looked—a broken-down dandy. He cast a quick look at Desmond as he lurched into a seat. Studied in fact for a moment as if he were trying to recall his face, then he shook his head and turned towards the German.

"What do you want of me, Father Schuman?" he asked, in a surly voice.

"Why de pleasure of your soshiety, my dear. You know I was always fond of you," and the little man regarded his prey with shining eyes.

"You were when I had money, not afterwards," with a bitter laugh.

"Still blame me for your misfortunes; how cruel," said Schuman, raising his hands in protestation. "Let me make you acquainted wit' my other good friend. Mr. Wilber Desmond," jerking his thumb towards their vis-a-vis. "Mr. Darrell, Desmond."

"Delighted, I am sure," said Desmond, extending his hand.

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Darrell muttered a few words, but he made no attempt to take the extended hand. Desmond bit his lip and eyed the young man with no very gentle look as he withdrew it, muttering half to himself, "A proud beggar!"

Darrell devoted no more attention to him but turned again to the German and asked:

"Now, what was your motive in calling me here. Be honest. You know there is no use to try gammon," and he took a long draught of the punch, which brought some of the color back to his wan face and showed that under favorable circumstances he must have looked a very attractive man.

"If I vos to tell you quick you would jump out of your skin,' replied the other.

"I've no objection to that, provided I can jump into a better one," replied the young man, with a bitter smile.

"How would you like to be restored to your old position in society? Be well dressed, live well, keep horses, and belong to the clubs? How would you like dat, my young friend?"

Darrell made a gesture as if he would have flung himself at the old man's throat. Then he sank back in his seat with almost a sob in his throat.

"Coward, to taunt a man with all he has lost. You of all who helped to drag me down," and he buried his face in his hands.

Schuman regarded him for a moment in silence and then tapped him lightly on the shoulder.

"My boy, I am not fooling mit you. I would not do such things. I tell you I, Abner Schuman, that you shall be again helped back to de place where you once stood."

Darrell looked up at him wild-eyed for a moment and then seeing that he was serious, asked:

"Well, if this is true, what devilish scheme is there behind it? There must be some, or you would not make me such an offer. I am not such a fool to think that you are going to put a man on his feet from any philanthropic motives. You are not in the habit of doing things in that way."

"You are very cruel, my boy, to de old man, but I love you so much dat I forgive you. Once you have your own carriage and are living in clover you will live to bless me."

"Perhaps? That depends altogether on the terms you exact."

"You shall hear dem but not now."

"Why not now?"

"Why this hurry. We must first get you rigged out so you will become your position, then if you choose you can back out of the agreement and nothing more will be said. You can't call that unfair?"

"No—o-o. But——"

"Never mind de buts just now. Shust vait until you are dressed like a gentlemens and have a horse and carriage and then you can put in the buts if you want to. Come, will you do it? This very day you shall begin your new life and you can say farewell to the misery in which I know you have been living."

A great struggle was going on in Darrell's mind, but it was easy to surmise that in the end he must yield. What would he not give to turn his back on the misery of the present with its hunger and privations. Perhaps old Schuman had repented of his evil ways and meant to make amends to him for having helped to drag him down. Then he looked at the wolfish head of the old man before him and knew that such a thing could not be. A beast of prey does not easily relinquish the habits of a lifetime. But what did it matter, after all. The life he was leading must sooner or later bring him face to face with death or crime. In spite of his misery he still clung tenaciously to life. At least he had made no bargain as yet. He had a chance to refuse at any time he choose when he learned what the terms were to be. Oh, to return to a life of luxury again; what a wild and hopeless dream it had seemed to him ever since he went down into the ooze of the city.

All this time Schuman had kept his eyes fixed on the young man's face as if he were trying to pierce the depths of his soul. He had no doubt at all what the outcome would be. A stronger man would have yielded to the temptation and how was this poor weak vessel tossed about by the storm to resist the promise of a safe port?

"I aceept," said Darrell, simply.

"Spoken like a sensible man. Vee vill go now to sleep, for dere is much to be done tomorrow. Darrell, your troubles is over. Say goot by to de old life and welcome the new. Hoch!" and he drained his glass. Darrell, however, sat there with his face bowed on his hands.

## CHAPTER III.

### THE GIRL IN THE GARRET.

It was a narrow low-ceilinged room with one tiny window, at the top of a tall tenement overlooking a crowded thoroughfare on the East Side. The floor bare of any carpet, save a small strip before the neat iron bed in one corner, had been scrubbed to a snowy whiteness. The only other furniture beside the bed consisted of two chairs and a chest of drawers, the latter very big and ugly, and made of rosewood.

Not a very cheerful place in spite of its cleanliness, but the young woman sewing by the window sang at her task, only stopping to look up now and then at the clock on the bureau. She was scarcely twenty and yet there were lines of care about her blue eyes and faint wrinkles on the smooth white forehead that gleamed beneath the simple bands of brown hair. It was not ennui that made Allie Marwood look old before her time, but incessant labor, poor food, and lack of all the comforts that should have belonged by rights to such a sweet and tender nature.

Even hard as life was to her, the natural buoyancy of her character was proof against care, and she could sing still over her task.

Presently the sound of a familiar step on the stair without caused her to drop her work and hurry to the door.

"Is that you, Joey?" addressing a vanishing shadow disappearing down the tortuous stairway.

"It ain't no other," came in a rough but not unpleasant voice from the shadows. "Anything ye want?" and the next minute an elephantine step was heard and the speaker came bounding up the intervening steps that separated them. A red-haired, pink-featured person it proved to be, clad in blue overalls and a jumper. He wore a gay handkerchief around his neck and his blue cap was cocked over one ear in a jaunty way. Joey Skerrett had quite a good opinion of himself, a feeling that was shared by many a tender young heart in the neighborhood. His good-natured face wore a broad grin as he came up to Allie, but it fell at the first remark she put to him:

"Joey, I do think that something must have happened to him. He has not been in his room for three days."

"Is that so?" twisting his hat in his hands with an exceeding lack of interest.

"You have not seen him?" she asked, anxiously.

"No, I hain't," with increasing sulkiness.

"Joey, that is no way to talk to a lady," she said, reprovingly.

He hung his head and a perceptible blush passed over his freckled face.

"Beg pardon, Miss—but—but I wouldn't worry about him. He'll turn up all right, never fear. It ain't the fust time he's been off on a—a——" Here he stopped again—"a journey. Oh, Miss Allie, why do ye waste a thought on a man that ain't worth it. I may not be sich a gent or so book larnt but I'm stiddy and got a good job and if I do so it, the better man of the two."

He would have said more, but she stopped him with an imperious wave of her hand.

"You promised never to speak of that to me again. If we are to be friends you must respect my wishes," then before he could frame a reply she had vanished inside her tiny room, leaving Joey twisting his hat in his hands with a tearful look on his face and a general desire to kick himself.

"I've gone and done it this time and no mistake," he grumbled half to himself. "I'd ought ter know how she feels on that subjec', but it does make me so hot when she worries about that feller that I can't keep it in. Now, why on earth didn't she have the sense to take a fancy to me," with a wistful look at the little brown door. "I may not be purty nor eddicated, but I'm good compared to that feller Darrell."

A loud laugh behind him caused Joey to swing around on his heel. It was the man about whom he had been making such uncomplimentary remarks. Darrell, shabby no longer, but dressed with becoming taste. Spotless as to linen and carrying himself as if prosperity had always been his lot in life. His very features seemed to have undergone a change and many of the haggard lines had disappeared.

"Oh, I don't mind what you say about me, my boy," he said to Joey, with a pleasant laugh. "We can't please everyone in this world. Some day I may be fortunate enough to win your good will and esteem."

"Not much ye dont," replied Joey, who had recovered now from the first surprise of the encounter. "You ain't in my class an' never will be," and with this he slid down the stairs by the aid of the banisters and disappeared in the gloom below.

"My rival," laughed Darrell, "and a better man, too."

With this uncomplimentary remark regarding himself he rapped on the door through which the young woman had disappeared. She must have heard he sound of his voice for he was almost at once admitted. It was easy to see by the rosy flush on her face and the sunny smile that parted her lips that her feelings toward the visitor were more than common friendship.

"I thought I heard the sound of angry voices," she said, casting a look out on the landing and then closing the door.

"You heard one angry voice," said Darrell with a laugh as he threw down his overcoat, negligently. "My hated rival, Joe, with his customary frankness was stating his opinion of me."

"Poor Joe," she murmured, then noticing the changed character of his attire. "Your father has not relented?"

"Not much; there is no chance of such a thing," bitterly. "I dare say if I was up in the world I should have them all at my feet. Never mind, I may be able to scramble up without any of their help."

"You have had good news——"

His face flushed and for a moment he turned his eyes away lest they should meet hers.

"I can't tell just yet," he stammered. "It all depends on circumstances. One thing, though, I am going to leave this rat hole and that right away."

She turned away from him and looked down on the crowded street.

"Of course you will be glad of that," with a little catch in her voice that he did not seem to notice.

"Glad? Who wouldn't be glad? I hate the very sight of the place with its crowds of children and screaming women. Why, Allie, you are not crying," and he came over and put his arm around her gently, while she did not try to repell him. "You know that I was never cut out for this sort of a life and now that there is a chance to leave it to better myself——"

"Is it to better yourself?" she asked, suddenly, looking him straight in the eyes.

"Why, yes; that is, it promises so," he stammered.

"I hope this good fortune, whatever it is, has not been bought with loss of honor."

"Why, why Allie, how you do talk," get-

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ting more and more confused. "You don't want to quarrel with me when I am going away."

"Far from it, dear, but there was something in your face, there is now, that tells me that all is not right."

"You live here as much alone that you are getting morbid," he replied, sullenly, while a frown gathered on his forehead. "I hardly expected that I should be received this way. You ought to rejoice with me that I am leaving the depths, that I am once again to take the place in society which I lost."

"I am glad, though it breaks my heart to think we are to part. I can bear it if you are to be happy."

"Oh, I shall see you, I dare say, very often, he said, lightly, with a feeling of relief that a dangerous subject had been safely passed. "It is not as if I were going to leave the city."

"You will remain in New York, then?"

"For the present, anyway."

"She saw by the far away look in his eyes that his thoughts were all centered on the future and that Helgra's Court would soon be like the shadow of a dream.

The subject was evidently one of weary him and he was anxious to be gone. It was embarrassing to face the cold, honest eyes for the girl, conscious all the time that he was about to plunge into a vortex of crime that might lead to destruction. Pushing in the pocket of his overcoat he produced a little leather box which he handed her abruptly. It contained a little gold heart locket set with pearls.

"A little gift to remember me by, Allie. You have been the one bright memory in this miserable life. I don't think I should have been able to hold out but for your help."

She took the little bauble and kissed it and laid it very carefully in the top drawer of the bureau.

"I shall miss you more than I can find words to explain," she said, holding out her hands to him. "In that other world in which you are going to live I hope you will think sometimes of poor Allie."

"Think of you?" and he pressed her. "As if I could ever forget you. Had I but met you sooner in life I should have been a better man. I am sure I shall never know as happy moments again as I have spent with you."

She shook her head sadly.

"You will soon find distractions where you are going. I know—I feel that this parting is for good. I hope the end of my taking will bring you all good things. Good-by."

"Good-by," and kissing her again, he hurried from the room as if afraid any longer to stand in the light of those searching eyes.

Waiting for him at the bottom of the stairs were Desmond and the German. The latter was dressed up for the occasion in a neat suit in order to lend to justice in his protege. They knew the object of his visit and felt some trepidation over the result, so it was settled that they should accompany him to see that he did not weaken at the last moment and attempt to back out.

Vell, my poy, it was easy to break away, was it not, when such a glorious prospect was before you? A fine career, a fe——"

"Be silent, scoundrel," exclaimed Darrell, turning upon him so fiercely that the other retreated. "Don't make me feel too strongly what a thing I am."

"Phew!" whistled the German. "That was a narrow escape," in a whisper to Desmond. "I was never longer out and our man would have kicked over the traces."

In the next room Allie was crying and weeping over her work.

"I have lost him," she murmured. "I shall never see his face again."

Thus it was that Darrell went away from Helgra's Court.

This extremely interesting story develops extraordinary scenes and situations as the plot unfolds. Another installment will be given the reader next week. Kodak cameras and free patterns to all subscribers as announced on pages thirteen and fifteen.

## THE MAJOR'S DUEL.

BY NORMAN FRASER.

We—the officers of Her Majesty's 140th Regiment of Foot (Stick-at-Nothing Boys)—were at dinner, or, to be strictly accurate, had arrived at the dessert and cigarette stage of that meal.

The general health had been duly proposed and drunk, and the bandmaster had been introduced and partaken of his glass of "something wet, if you please, sir," and was on the point of declining (according to etiquette) a second glass proffered (also according to etiquette) by the mess president, when suddenly a noise arose at the lower end of the long, trophy-laden table, where most of the youngsters had congregated, to remove, as it were, the fair-haired youth, had sprung to his feet, and was glaring across the table, pantomimically and vividly marked in every line of his pale, clear-cut features and sensitive, quivering mouth. Before anyone could interfere he had seized a fresh glass of wine and flung it full in the face of the person, another subaltern, who was sitting almost opposite to him. "Take that, you cad!" he cried, almost screamed. "If you are not an utter coward you will give me a satisfaction I demand!"

With that he stalked haughtily, not to say stagily, out of the room.

Almost simultaneously with his troubles do not further concern the reader, a brief explanation of the quarrel may account for this unparalleled scene in our mess.

Charteris was a New Zealander, and had joined us only a few weeks previously as a full-blooded, clever, high-spirited Colonial cadet. He was a crack shot, a splendid, romantic lad, with all the makings of a fine soldier about him, but he was possessed of high-flown, not to say absurd, notions as to his personal honor and dignity, and he was morbidly sensitive to any chaff about his native land.

His brother subalterns were not long in finding out these little idiosyncrasies, and they set to work with a will to eradicate them. Needless to say, Chambers did not take "the drawing" and chaff in good part and a silly and rather coarse allusion on Hodgson's part to convicts and black women had caused the fiery Colonial's pent-up wrath to burst forth, as has already been recorded.

We saw no more of Chambers that evening, and at last all the guests had departed, except Hammersley, a major in the gunners, and a constant and welcome visitor to our mess. Someone referred to the scene at dinner and instantly a dozen voices were raised. "Silly young ass!" "Pardon me, social cub!" "Fancy his wanting to fight a major!" "Why, he'll be a mere mess in two!" "And at home, too; must be crackbrained among his own people!" Suddenly there was a lull and Hammersley said, quietly: "I happen to know of a duel which took place between two British officers not much more than ten years ago—in fact, I was present." "By Jove! you must tell us about it—did you wing him—what was it over?" "One at a time, please," said the Major, laughing. "However, if you really want the yarn you can have it, though," he added, glancing at the clock, "it's high time we were all in bed."

"Well, it was in—" began the Major. "I was stationed with my battery at Port Antonio, on the north coast of Jamaica. Port Antonio is situated at the end of the long tongue of land which forms the northern side of harbor, and as my major was nearly always on leave, I was generally in command. My major, as I had a shrewd idea, was not exactly known as the Don, and who was known as the Don was a Spaniard by birth, and was just such a typical, impressionable, fiery young friend Chambers, and inordinately proud. He was, despite every disadvantage of his part, we got on very well together, till fate, in the shape of the war office, sent us out Major Hammersley's daughter to be our guest and lovely daughter.

The major himself had come out to superintend the construction of new barracks at the port, as it was a healthy place for us and his daughter took up their quarters there. The Don and I had always been friends, and on the whole I seemed to be the favored one, but even the divine Dora—Spanish, by the way—could not remain proof above a little coquetry, and one day I remember, from a game party in a regular temper, having been unmercifully snubbed by the lovely Dora, and having had no inning very strong running indeed. We got along all right till the coffee was on the table, when the conversation was all to me, the garden party roused my blood. I remarked sharply, by way of a parting shot, another instant we were facing each other across the table, and I was calling him a blanked garlic-eating nigger—he was rather dark—and in return had received the contents of the coffee cup in my face. The approach of a servant recalled us to our senses and we left the room by different doors, I by one facing up and down by the waters' side, Serious with the Don, who was always not above a little coquetry, and one day I remember, from a game party in a regular temper, having been unmercifully snubbed by the lovely Dora, and having had no inning very strong running indeed. We got along all right till the coffee was on the table, when the conversation was all to me, the garden party roused my blood. I remarked sharply, by way of a parting shot, another instant we were facing each other across the table, and I was calling him a blanked garlic-eating nigger—he was rather dark—and in return had received the contents of the coffee cup in my face. The approach of a servant recalled us to our senses and we left the room by different doors, I by one facing up and down by the waters' side,

# THE HERMIT LOVER;

## Or,

# The Mystery of a Double.

By ELLA MARTIN.

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Begun in No. 14, April 19. Subscriptions can begin with that issue, or back copies can be procured from news stands, or our agents, or by mail from office of publication.

### CHAPTER V.

### LENORE'S STORY.

Enid who was observing Lenore closely, noted the effect such acting must necessarily be on one too high-spirited to assume indifference without going to extremes.

The brilliancy of her dusky eyes seemed unnatural, and the color in her cheeks was like fire.

She offered them seats and fetching some faggots, she kindled a fire. Then she brought wine and delicacies and spread a table there in her boudoir.

"I promised to tell you the story of my life," she said to Enid, "and I will tell you now, if you will listen."

And sitting there while her guests partook of the wine and the food, Lenore told her story.

"My name is Lenore Bennett," she said, "and my home is in Carson City. I have a fortune in my own right, and beside that my parents were wealthy and influential people. The fortune left me by a maiden aunt I mine without restriction, and I have the liberty to draw on whenever I choose. This sort of life I have chosen because I grew tired of the old. But it is the old story of a woman's infatuation and sudden awakening. And later a desire to get away from it all, away from the place and the people that reminded her of it. For all thoughts of her passion had become repulsive to her. It was an overwhelming one, but it would never have been but for the untamed, passionate nature.

She paused surely he would understand now that his attachment for another did not hurt her. He would believe it was not for love of him she remained in the mountains, even though she sacrificed herself in the beginning for his sake. He should see that she had outgrown that mad passion before she knew he had forgotten.

"But the reason for my being here I am going to tell you. My father was a banker and this man for whom I entertained a passing fancy, was his cashier. His home was in another state, but his father was an old friend of my parents and that is how he came to fill a position in the bank. He was poor and in some respects wild. That is, he was reckless and passionate, and I, being of like temperament, what was more natural than that we should fall in love, or imagine that we did, which amounted to about the same thing for the time being?"

She paused a moment and leaned back in her chair, placing her hands behind her head, gers interlocked, behind her head, and glanced at the two girls before eagerly listening to her tale. There was only interest and wonderment in their faces; but each thought her ungrateful. Her dark, glowing beauty amazed them.

"To one," said Enid, breathlessly.

"Well, my parents objected, of course; one reason for this was that he was one of what the world called an eligible match. Though I had wealth enough for both, they would not consent to my making what the world would call a misalliance. Another was that their heart was set upon my marrying my mother's second cousin, who was one of our family circle, and whom I hated because of his persistence. And he hated my lover accordingly. I was therefore kept a prisoner, my friends retained in the bank, the cashier was forbidden the house.

"Of course we met in spite of this. We were both too high-spirited and rebellious to submit to paternal authority, particularly as we believed ourselves madly in love with each other.

"One night I received him in my boudoir. It was an act of indiscretion committed through ignorance, for often I had leaned from my window and talked to him at night, and that evening he climbed up a pillar of the veranda, my rooms being on the second floor, and we spent several hours there together. I thought it the same as if we had been in the drawing room; but he was more worldly-wise and knew that his appearance it would have to the public eye would ruin the match, and so knew it would injure my reputation, if it were known.

"That night and while he was in my boudoir, the bank was robbed. And later, he was accused of the crime. He might have proved an alibi, as I knew, but would not tell where he was the night of the robbery. Moreover, he forbade me to mention his whereabouts. Not quite understanding why he wished for my silence I obeyed him. He exacted the most solemn promises from me that I would never refer to it, or let the fact be gotten from me, then he kissed me and went away to prison.

"Later it all came to me, the chivalry of the action, the generosity of his nature, and I wept oceans of tears. Then I began to act. I had money and friends, and I contrived his escape. I knew him to be innocent and I would not see him suffer punishment. On the other hand, I could not suffer the loss of my good name, all because of a folly committed through ignorance. And besides that he had my promise to keep his secret. So he was far away I concocted another plan, this time I endeavored to free him entirely from blame. I fled, leaving a written confession behind me with the editor of one of the daily papers, so that it would be made public before my parents could interfere. In this pseudo confession I declared myself to be the criminal. I claimed to have obtained the keys from my father's pocket while he slept, and obstructed the money from the safe. Then cleared my lover and he was free to return.

"I knew my father would never believe it and I hoped he would believe the case put into the hands of the detectives that the crime might be brought home to the guilty party.

"It all turned out as I expected, and the man who was found guilty was the very man whom my father had selected to unite me with in marriage. My father then gave his consent to the match and left for retreat. He offered to find the man who was falsely accused and to sanction the marriage, if I would return. But justice was to take its course, and by the time my one-time lover had been set at liberty I sent by another's being proved guilty, we both had outgrown the infatuation of four years ago.

"I still respect and regard the man who would suffer for another's crime rather than bring a woman's name in the dust. I appreciate it, but cannot love him, and since I have grown to be a part of these mountains, have grown more solitude, and listened to nature's heart, cools one's passions. I have no desire beyond this life. I am quite content and happy.

"The fact that we have ceased to care for each other is nothing to do with the man who was once my lover. He is a good man and true.

This was added for Enid's sake, whom she knew must have seen the portrait on the wall, and had now guessed what had become of Ray Clifford.

Ray Clifford, seeing that she was through with her story, leaned forward a little way.

"Is your decision unalterable?" he asked. "You said you had forgotten me, are you sure? It is not possible that he has changed."

"No matter, I have changed," said Lenore, quietly, and coldly, for she saw Enid shrink at the words. "Besides, I do not know that his betrothed had even an inkling of the truth. She probably does not even know, and she must permit him saying more on the subject."

She arose and proposed that they visit the stables, as she called a certain series of rooms built under the mountain.

She led the way out and then around to the entrance through a path, the opening remarkable about the caves where the horse was kept. It was hidden with grass under, another with dried grass and leaves for his bedding. But Ray patted and admired the horse on returning, and the quivering of talk to lessen the embarrassment of the position.

As soon as they returned to the open air, they took their leave as Lenore had expected. She stood where they left her and watched them until they disappeared from sight, and then returned to her boudoir. Her heart calm and void of aching, except with pity for Enid, but her face was pale and indeed dead. She knew it now that she had met him at last, after yearning for him for four long years. But he, the while, seemed as dead. It was impossible for him to forget; and Enid had heard him, knowing all, and knowing that he thought her in ignorance.

Well, she had done her best, and had shown them both that she was free from the old thraldom.

"Free! Free!" she murmured, "her lungs may heal in the mountain air, but her heart will break."

A moment later she sprang up and ran to the stable. In a twinkling Arrow was saddled and she had started in pursuit of them. They had not gone far when she overtook them. Both paused and looked up in surprise. She dismounted and laid her hand on Enid's arm.

"I had forgotten," she said, "that you are not strong and you have walked two miles already. You must have Arrow to take you back. Mr. Clifford can walk beside you, and when you come within sight of Gulch House turn Arrow loose; he will come straight home to me."

"Oh, thank you," said Enid, warmly, "I am tired, and I was wondering how I should ever get over the distance between here and the hotel."

"It is too long a walk for her," said Ray; "we ought not to have come so far. You were thoughtful, Miss Bennett, and we are thankful."

"Enid," he said, gently, "let me assist you. Won't you come with us?" he added, turning to Lenore, when Enid was safely in the saddle. But she shook off with a shake of her head, and turned to retrace her steps.

"May I try his speed, Lenore?" asked Enid, looking back over her shoulder.

"If you wish," replied the other, doubtfully. "It will be quite safe, but—"

"Then good-by. If you never see Arrow again, you may know that we have eloped."

She chirped softly to the horse and he darted away leaving Ray and Lenore standing together.

"They shall have their chance," thought Enid, with compressed lips. "Like a lovelorn ass with his head in the air he'll see no one now."

He had told her tonight it was impossible for him to forget, let him tell her so again whilst she was not by to be a restriction upon his speech. She did not look back, but when a bend in the road was reached she drew rein and looked behind her. A large oak tree by the wayside, leaning her head against it, she waited.

Left alone, Ray turned to Lenore. "I never knew," he said, "that your mental ailment had been found till today. It is good news, as it removes all suspicion.

"I am glad to hear what you said; you could not forget a love so strong, so unselfish, so true as mine and Enid's. I could be won again in time. Do not say it could not be."

"It surely could not be," replied Lenore, evenly and without emotion, "there is nothing to overcome, since it is dead."

"I cannot imagine true love ever dying," he said, sadly, and they walked slowly along the road over which Enid had just ridden. And then he turned and looked at her.

"But all love is not true," she said, softly and turned her head back from him presently and saw him mount over the road in his direction. Enid was not in sight.

What a noble bearing he had, she thought, and just then gravely, gentle was he old, only the impetuousness was waning.

"The impetuousness that characterized my love in the days gone by," he was continuing. "It may be that later experiences have made him more tolerant, more considerate, perhaps, but I do not love him now."

"Why is it so, that now when I have been hiding my love for him, after cherishing his image in my heart for four years, and meeting him the day after, that? But it is all over. It all died out in that parted given me a picture was the last thing on the hearth.

"A heart cannot feel so much and then feel nothing, and grieve and ache after such agony."

She sat down on a boulder near her home and waited for Arrow's return. A great, black shadow seemed to fall over her feet. She took no notice of it, but gazed across the stretch of mountain scenery before her. Now and then a swe-uniprint it was. Then she fell to dreaming and the objects around her seemed to fade from view.

Meanwhile Ray had overtaken the horse waiting patiently beneath the oak tree but when he came up with him and spoke to him he shied away with his head in the neck, he received no answer.

Looking closer, he saw that Enid had fainted.

### CHAPTER VI.

### A SPY.

Whilst Lenore sat waiting the return of her steed, with Jet, the great dog, lying at her feet, a man crept from the bushes up and listened. There was a crackling in the brush to the right of her and immediately Jet sprang to his feet and growled.

Lenore laid her hand on the pistol in her belt, and continued to dream her dream. Was nothing more was heard, and nothing at all was noticed that was strange in the other's presence, oppressed her, and she kept her senses alert, though seeming to be lost in the depths of reverie.

"What is it, Jet?" she whispered, leaning forward. "Is there anything?"

For answer the dog moved his tail slowly along the ground, but never took his eyes slightly and half-opening his eyes, rolling them up at her without moving.

Then Jet gave a low growl and very cautious.

"Don't stir," cautioned his mistress, "till I tell you. Lie still, Jet, and wait."

Lenore stroked the dog's head gently, continuing to whisper and the dog lay quiet, but ready to spring the moment the word was given.

"Ready, Jet! Go!" breathed Lenore, softly.

The quick ear of the dog caught the words and he sprang with down the side of the mountain.

So quickly was it done, so unexpectedly to whoever was hidden below, that Lenore was allowed him for retreat. Lenore had sprung to her feet, and, grasping her revolvers, quickly followed Jet. But just here the path was blocked by broken rocks constructed her way, so that before she came in sight of the skulking intruder, she heard a sharp quick bark from the dog, then a pistol shot, followed by a yelp of pain from the dog.

She ran on then at her topmost speed and coming up to the dog, who lay crouched upon the ground licking one bleeding foot. At sight of his mistress he raised a pair of pathetic eyes, and gave a series of low, grumbling whines, expecting sympathy.

Lenore glanced hastily around. No one was in sight, but there were signs of struggles in the sandy earth; and close by the dog's side lay a piece of cloth, evidently torn from the trousers of his antagonist in the struggle.

Lenore placed it in her pocket and then knelt at her pet's side.

"What is it, old fellow?" she asked, soothingly, sympathetically. "Did the shot hit you? Let me see. Ah, only in the foot; just one toe wounded, Jet. It might have been worse. But he shall pay for this, and pay dearly, if we ever come across him, Jet. We have got a little piece of detective work to do, you and I, and this piece of cloth you tore from his nether garment will aid us in the search; provided we manage to catch him before he replaces the garment with a new one. No matter, you will know him, and you will be able to help understand you. And we will teach him to come prying about our abode.

"I have my suspicions as to who the sneak is, and can guess his object. But let him beware! We are quite able to take care of ourselves, Jet.

"Come on, old fellow. I will dress your wound, and you shall rest your dear old body on the softest rug in the house. Come on."

She began climbing the mountainside, and the great dog limped after her. The sound of hoofbeats reached her ears as she gained the boulder on which she had been sitting, and she sent the dog into the cave while she waited to lead Arrow to his stable.

That night she slid the doors of all the outer rooms to their places and bolted them, both in the stable and in her own apartments. Having done this, she felt secure, and forgot all fear as to the future which led her to take this precaution.

Later, in her cozy boudoir, she was snoozing on the hearth-rug, and sitting upright by his side, her head resting on his neck, was Don, the Maltese cat. The canaries and other birds had gone into their cages for the night, and Lenore, seated in her own chair, with hands clasped behind her head, was contemplating into the fire.

She was at peace for the first time in the four years of her banishment, for her heart was at rest now, it had no desire or yearnings, and she had grown to love this life. Enid's visit had been a pleasant one, but to what had become of her lover, and had worshipped her, and would be possible for her to had told to Ray and Enid that day was true, except that she knew her father had learned her whereabouts and offered to restore her to her lover. That was told simply to satisfy Enid, and to make her feel free to question him before she knew he had proved innocent. For, had such an idea ever come she would have left her mountain home and returned to her parents.

Indeed, she knew that the crime had been traced to the real criminal, and that he had been punished, and that the disgrace from her name because it reflected on her parents, had been removed, but had been proved innocent, he was no less ineligible. Only, their former choice of a mate for her would not be thought of, as he was the man who was guilty of the robbery.

Lenore had not thought of returning to simply because he was of kin to them; but rather of shielding an opponent, to leave the country, which he had done.

There was resentment in Lenore's heart against her parents, but not enough to return now. And now that the past was settled, she had decided to do so.

Suddenly she threw off the dreamy mood which had held her and springing up she went to her music room and sat down at the piano. Piece after piece she rattled off in a spirited style. Then, like Enid, she sat down on a hassock and took up her violin. The convulsive heart throbs that in this way poured forth the passion of her soul, expressed in the music, were almost too happy, perhaps to last long. But now, taking the guitar in her hands she waltzed around the room to the music of herself. How happy she was. How happy. And how good it was to be free to laugh and light-hearted once more. Breathlessly she paused a moment, and then, like Enid, she unconsciously listened. Outside the door next to the outer caverns, she heard a sound as of footsteps retreating. She laid the instrument down and crept closer to the door. The sound did not reach her ears. Then it occurred to her what she had been playing. It was the Beautiful Blue Danube waltz, the piece she had so loved to hear him play in the past, the piece whose strains had held her entranced in the empty caverns. What if the player of the violin had been there, and let her mind dwell on music?

She stayed no more, but went into the library and took up a book and sitting in an easy chair under the suspended lamp, she endeavored to read. But the old wail was his name, R. Clifford. It was one he had loved to hear me play. Was he here now? Was she never to get free from the past and from the thoughts of him? Then she fell to dreaming. Where the man who did not think of him as he was now in the love of Enid, as he had been in the love of her, when she had known him. And, remembering the past, and let her mind dwell on other things.

Tomorrow she would provide herself with a lantern and would explore the outer caverns next to those she occupied. She would not venture into those penetrating into the heart of the mountain, but would keep to those where she knew there was light and air enough for one to live in as she was doing in the caves she had chosen for her abode. The convulsive throbs of her heart that she was not the only dweller in these caverns.

But who was her neighbor, that he could make the music she loved so well? It was no other, she had said, in the old days, who could get just the same music from the violin. Who could make he had won her and now that love had been killed by the bitterness of disgrace, he had turned his being drawn to this other by the same agency. Who could draw such sounds from the violin, could it be the same hand that wounded Jet? Could a bank robber and a spy be quartered near her? If so, she knew for what purpose. But

she could not believe that music was of his playing.

Long she sat there musing, but at last retired to her chamber, knowing herself secure against outside intrusion.

But what of Enid, whom Ray had found lying in a dead faint on Arrow's neck? Surprised and grieved, he had mounted and taken her in his arms. With as much speed as possible he had hurried back to the inn and handed the girl over to her mother. Then turning the horse loose as he had been bidden, he went in to explain matters as best he could.

Enid was put to bed at once and none were allowed to go near her except the women folks, and left to himself, Ray went into the bar room to listen to the talk there. For he must be about his business, and he sought to pick up what knowledge he could concerning the one he came to seek.

Enid soon revived under the influence of the restoratives applied by Mrs. Peary and supplied by the buxom Lizzie. Mrs. Peary was frightened and was more tender and affectionate towards her daughter than usual, and so it happened that Enid opened her heart to her mother as she had never had before.

"I am so tired, mamma," she said, "so tired of life. It is not sweet to life. Why did you fetch me here? Why did you not let me die in peace in my room? I should have died happy, then, mamma; but now life would be miserable if I should get well."

"Enid, dear, you talk wildly. I do not quite understand you. You will get well; you are not really sick, just tired and weak. Don't worry, dear, but go to sleep now. Don't talk so far again; you are not strong enough."

"I want to get up, mamma, and sit by the window. Or then will Ray come to me and leave us alone together."

Mrs. Peary was wont to humor her daugh-

I chore glanced hastily around.

ter's wishes and now that she was ill and nervous she did not hasten to comply with her request.

She sought out the host and sent him in search of Ray Clifford. It was evening now and when Ray entered the room where Enid sat, he noted at the paleness of her countenance, and the listlessness of her slight figure.

"You are feeling better, Enid, I hope," he said, approaching her, and drawing a chair to her side he sat down and took up one little thin hand.

She was wiping the ring he had given her off and on her finger, and did not raise her eyes when the first spoke.

"You see, it doesn't fit me now," she said in a low, unsteady voice, "it is too loose. We shall have to unsay it all, recall all those foolish vows, for it doesn't fit any more."

She had not begun very bravely, and there was a break in her voice just here and she could not go on.

He took off the slim hands and looked steadily at her.

"We will have a new ring, then; one that will fit. But we must be jesting about recalling our vows. I can't believe you would trifle, dear."

"But," she said, desperately, "you cannot be bound a woman is dying. You shall be free for awhile, anyway. Take your ring back for a year, Ray. At the end of that time, even if I live you may not want me to wear it. Humor me in this," she pleaded, as he was about to interrupt her.

"Enid," he said, "I cannot believe that you will not get well, but if not, my ring shall circle your finger in your coffin, and the tie shall bind us beyond the grave, and fear you tell me now that you do not love me."

"But if I do not die, and you should ever want your freedom you will ask for it, Ray?"

"If ever I want my freedom I will ask for it, Enid. Now think no more of this matter, but go to bed and sleep like a good child. I must go into town, for I must try to learn something concerning a person whom I came here of seek, and I am told that I may be able to gain some information there."

He kissed the two little hands and pressing them gently, turned away smiling back at her when he reached the door.

Enid felt hysterical the moment he had gone. If only he were true. He had told her he was, and how perfect an actor. Had she not been? Was him tell Lenore he had not forgotten? But now he would not release her, because Lenore had given him to understand she had outgrown her love of the past.

However, she had left him free, if he should want his freedom—if Lenore should ever release.

In next week's Ledger further chapters of this highly fascinating story will appear. To all subscribers of our paper free cameras and free patterns are given as announced on pages thirteen and fifteen.

## GHOST IN THE CASTLE.

Fridolin Duftig was a landscape painter and a spiritualist. His paintings were artistic, his talent spiritistic. He was a firm believer in spirits, and true to his convictions, frequently treated himself to a glass of brandy.

At one time, toward the end of summer he made an extended sketching tour through the picturesque mountain region of Wurtemberg. It was a hot day, the country roads were dusty, and the portfolio filled with sketches, and on the way, too, heavy. Fridolin, being hot and weary, was overjoyed, when, turning a bend in the road, he discovered a short distance farther on a tavern sign bearing the picture of some strange creature which the legend underneath flatteringly designated as a red ox.

Only a few minutes later Fridolin sat in the grateful shade of a fine old elm tree, and on the table in front of his bench stood a foaming mug of beer and a small glass of brandy.

The well-fed old tavernkeeper, in shirt sleeves and smoking his long pipe, stood leaning against the door frame.

"I suppose, sir, you are a traveling artist," he addressed Fridolin, who was mopping his brow.

"You made a pretty good guess," answered the artist.

"I thought so when I saw you turn the bend in the road. We have many artists here this summer," slowly continued mine host.

"Why did these artists choose you?" asked Fridolin.

"Oh, every one of them has painted the old castle, yonder," replied the tavernkeeper.

Fridolin turned his head, and looking in the direction to which his host pointed he saw a crowning ruin of a tower, gray, lofty and brilliantly illuminated by the sinking sun, the picturesque ruins must have called

"By jove, that old stone pile is fine," the artist exclaimed.

"What is the name of the old castle?" asked Fridolin.

"Why, that is the famous Rupertus Castle," was the answer.

"The Rupertus Castle?" said Fridolin, "why, I have heard a great deal of it; strange I never thought of visiting it. Is the castle is haunted by the ghost of its last owner?"

"That's a fact that cannot be disputed," said mine host, with great assurance.

Fridolin, being interested in spirits and ghosts of all kinds, naturally became interested and at once proceeded to pump the tavernkeeper.

"Have you ever been in the castle at night?" he asked.

"Yes, sir; many times," answered the old man, gazing quietly at the old castle.

"Have you ever seen the ghost?" Fridolin eagerly continued the hearing.

"No, sir," answered the host, "but I have heard of others who have seen the spook and who say that it is really a most remarkable ghost."

"I wish I could get an opportunity to see the ghost," enthusiastically exclaimed Fridolin.

"Do you really believe in ghosts and such things?" asked the old man, in surprise.

"You really do look like one, now that I think of it," mysteriously murmured the old tavernkeeper, with a roguish twitching of his horny mouth.

"Well," he continued, after a few puffs from his pipe, "if you are really anxious to make the acquaintance of the ghost, why don't you stay here and visit the ruins at night?"

"That would suit me first rate," said Fridolin, "but I have not much time. I would stay if I knew that I could see the ghost tonight."

"That could be easily arranged," said mine host, "you could take your easel and painting outfit, a table, a chair, and something to eat and drink up to the castle early in the evening, and you could follow at your own pleasure."

"That would not be half bad," said Fridolin. "I have a notion to try my luck. Let the porter take everything necessary up to the ruins and do not forget to send candles and a couple of bottles of wine along with the lunch."

Everything was satisfactorily arranged and Fridolin was in a fever of expectation by the time he was ready to start on his ride with skeleton on the way.

The porter had set the table in the tower, safely sheltered from the inclement hail of the castle. Two candles, two bottles of wine, and an appetizing cold lunch were also arranged on the spotless white tablecloth. Fridolin expressed himself well satisfied and the porter quickly withdrew, evidently glad to turn his back to the spooky castle.

Fridolin sat down at the table to the large window through which the moonlight was streaming and gazed in a dreamy, weird, magic effect of the moonlight upon the beautiful landscape. Finally his stomach reminded him that he had not eaten anything for many hours. He sat down at the table, opened one of the bottles, and then attacked the delicious sausage which the tavernkeeper had sent.

He had scarcely taken his first bite, when he heard a mysterious sound as if some one came walking through one of the long corridors leading to the banquet hall.

Fat, pat, pat, came the sound, and Fridolin, although hardened by his experiences in countless ghost hunts, felt his hair bristle up and cold chills running down his back.

The next moment a blood-curdling sound, like the howling of the wind, came from the direction where Fridolin had heard the footsteps.

"Heavens, that is terrible," whispered the painter who was as pale as the cloth on his table, and, in less time than it takes to tell it, he had drained the bottle, where he was completely hidden by the table cloth.

The footsteps nearer and nearer came and after a few seconds the ghost entered the hall. It was a regulation ghost. It was clad in a white sheet and looked as if it had just came from a spiritualistic seance.

"Nobody here," said the spook, while Fridolin was shaking like a leaf under the tablecloth.

"It seems that painter fellow didn't have courage enough to stay," continued the ghost in his soliloquy, "what a shame to leave this nice lunch unfinished. Let me see what it is—liver sausage, just what I like—and what is this? Two bottles of the best Rhine wine and both full. I can't resist the temptation."

The ghost sat down at the table and began to eat the lunch with excellent appetite.

Fridolin lifted a corner of the table cloth and peered at the grewsome visitor. "I'll be blowed," he muttered to himself, "if that ghost doesn't eat liver sausage."

Then the ghost uncorked one of the bottles and took a long pull. In short intervals some more pulls followed until the bottle was empty and the ghost correspondingly full. At the second bottle the ghost became hilarious and struck up a merry drinking song. Fridolin was dumbfounded. He had never heard of a ghost who ate liver sausage and got drunk on wine. That was entirely unheard of and natural for Fridolin found his courage again and concluded to investigate the nature of the ghost. Stealthily he crawled from under the table, took a good hold of his drinking flask, and with the second bottle the ghost became hilarious and struck up a merry drinking song. Fridolin was dumbfounded. He had never heard of a ghost who ate liver sausage and got drunk on wine. That was entirely unheard of and natural for Fridolin found his courage again and concluded to investigate the nature of the ghost. Stealthily he crawled from under the table, took a good hold of his drinking flask, and with the tipsy demigen of the fourth dimension yelled at him, "Hands up, you spook!"

Never was there a more frightened ghost than the ghost in the castle. He looked and answered with a drunken whine "Mercy, dear sir, I am the ghost of the cow herder who was killed by a stroke me. I did not mean any harm to you.

When questioned by the irate painter, Christopher confessed that the tavernkeeper had hired him to represent the ghost; because he did not wish to be disappointed. Fridolin laughed himself into the scared and now perfectly sober cowherd by making him pose in the moonlight while he painted him in oils.

When Fridolin on the following morning was about to settle with the host he asked for his bill. With a grin of self satisfaction the old tavernkeeper handed him a paper. One of the items read as follows:

"Seeing the ghost in the castle, 4 mark 50 pfennigs."

That was a trifle too much for Fridolin.

"How can you dare to charge me for the fraud which you perpetrated last night," he said, angrily, "that is a fine."

The mine host merely answered: "Don't get mad, dear sir, I did not charge you more than the usual rate."

Fridolin paid the bill and left the tavern, after he had advised the old man to sell out his tavern and to establish himself in the city as a spiritualistic medium, with Christopher as his worthy partner.

### "The Human Fly."

Some time ago when the authorities at Washington consulted steeple climbers as to the best method of repairing the main tower of the postoffice building, the replies were discouraging. The cost was so great that the project was about to be abandoned, when one of the building's employes, a man named Southerland, calling himself "The Human Fly," consulted him. The New York Sun describes the interview:

"What, sir," said the fly, talking about," asserted Mr. Southerland. "Tell me what you want me to do, and when you want me to do it."

The official asked him whether he intended to use a scaffold or ladder, and if ropes, how he intended to get them to the top of the tower.

"Ropes! Scaffolds!" exclaimed Mr. Southerland, eccentrically, and admired. "They are for amateurs. I walk up. That is where I got the name of 'The Human Fly.'"

"But, my dear man," said the official, despairingly, "you might as well try to walk up the wall of the house room."

"I will," replied "The Human Fly."

He quickly donned a valise, donned an odd-looking pair of shoes and a still more peculiar-looking pair of gloves, and, proceeding to a rear of the house, free of furniture, calmly walked up the wall until his head reached the ceiling, with as much ease and facility as if he were climbing a ladder. Then he came down and removed his contraction shoes and gloves.

This man, who is quite proud of his title, "The Human Fly," is well known in Europe.

It was he who put up the pole and halyards and raised the American flag on the Eiffel Tower, in Paris; worked on the spires of the Cathedral in Cologne, Germany, and climbed up the outside of the chemical stack in Glasgow, Scotland, one of the tallest chimneys in the world.

Southerland was formerly a sailor in the United States navy and in climbing through the shrouds of the old-style frigates, and upon sailing vessels, he acquired the absorbing iron nerve and lack of "nerves" that makes it possible for him to pursue his perilous vocation.

### A Good Story About Sousa.

The march king, Sousa, wears his uniform in all times and seasons. He compels his men to do likewise, and the fact that he does so leads to experiences that are very laughable to him. Says a recent writer:

Mr. Sousa was standing in a large building in Philadelphia waiting for the elevator. A man came up to him and said to him said: "What is the number of Doctor Blank's office?"

"I don't know," said the short man, in the blue uniform.

"Well, isn't he in this building?" asked the man.

"I don't know," answered Mr. Sousa.

"Well, don't you know anything?" said the man. "I'll bet you would if you would report you."

At which Mr. Sousa shouted with laughter and the man, catching sight of the genuine elevator boy, saw he had somehow made a mistake.

Again Mr. Sousa was standing in a railway station at the time when they were for a train. A belated traveler ran up to him and shouted: "Has the 9:30 train pulled out?"

"I really don't know," answered the man with the blue uniform and gold lace.

"Well, why don't you know?" shouted the irate traveler, "you are standing here for like a log of wood? Aren't you a conductor?"

"Yes," said Mr. Sousa, "I am a conductor."

"A nice sort of conductor you are!" exclaimed the traveler.

"Well," said Mr. Sousa, "I am not the conductor of a train; I am the conductor of a brass band.

### He Was Dead.

"There seems to be only one way to boom this book of mine," said the young author, thoughtfully. "I think I had better die before the book comes out."

"All right," said the publisher.

So the author was dead for advertising purposes, and the book made a hit and sold out two editions before anybody knew much about the author.

Then there was a wake in the office of the publisher.

"I would have to be interviewed on this book," said the publisher.

"How can I?" said the author, wraithfully, "Hang it, I'm dead!"

### Did Next Best Thing.

Minister—I am sorry I didn't see you at church yesterday, Tummas.

Tummas—Wool, ye see, it was siccan a wet day it winna fit tae turn out a dog in. But I sent the wife, sir.

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Discovery of the Kidneys and Bladder cause Bright's Disease, Rheumatism, Gravel, Pain in the Back, Bladder Disorders, Difficult or Too Frequent Passage, Water, Dropsy, etc. For these diseases a Positive Specific Cure is found, and a new medical discovery, the wonderful Kava-Kava Shrub, called by botanists, the piper methysticum, from the Sacred Island Group in the South Seas, has the great record of 1,200 hospital cures. It quickly cures Backache, Kidney Troubles, Urinary Irritation, Inflammation of the Bladder, Rheumatism, Gravel, Etc., and has caused over 5,000 cures.
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Our overworked president needs a mechanical reprimander.

Wit is the wine of intellect—and ill-nature turns it into vinegar.

Some men are so mean they wont even pay back borrowed trouble.

It is said that more wives are disappointed in love than spinsters.

A fool girl often encourages a fool man for the purpose of bouncing him.

Even when a girl has money in her own name she is anxious to change it.

It seems to be a great deal easier to remember the Maine than to raise it

Actions speak louder than words. Some men never say die; yet they all have to do it.

A married woman seldom goes on the lecture platform; she has her audience at home.

The economical housewife is always trying to make something new out of old bread crusts.

When a man says he had forgotten all about that little loan you just returned he is a liar.

Indolence is a sluggish stream, yet it eventually undermines the last virtue a man has.

Window seats for King Edward's coronation are valued at $210 each. Is it worth the panes?

If a woman is unable to tell when a man is going to propose she has no business with a husband.

J. Pierpont Morgan's favorite eight-inch cigar would seem to be a merger of several smaller cigars.

The average woman has no desire to enter a room unless she happens to see a "No Admittance" sign on the door.

Nearly every man you meet thinks he can tell a funny story, but about nine out of ten are entitled to another think.

A Mormon missionary was assaulted in Denmark a few days ago, but our state department was looking the other way.

Though the postal authorities think of putting the head of Martha Washington on a postage stamp, it is not expected that George will be crowded off.

Two or three trusting eastern papers have been beguiled into the belief that Illinois is on fire with enthusiasm for Governor Richard Yates as a vice-presidential candidate in 1904.

# The Wizard of the Waves;

*Or,*

# The Black Flag Privateer.

By COLONEL PRENTISS INGRAHAM.

Begun in No. 10, March 8. Subscriptions can begin with that issue, or back copies can be procured from news stands, or our agents, or by mail from office of publication.

## CHAPTER XXI.

### THE SEA WIZARD'S DEATH STRUGGLE.

After a day and night passed at the wreckers' island, in the cavern home of the old priest, Rafael parted sorrowfully from the guardian of his youth, for he really held a deep affection for the aged Leonardo and set sail one morning on a cruise after any Spanish vessel, or English craft that might fall his way.

The first one was light, an the schooner left the island, and ere she gained a good offing, the tide had swept the wreckers' boats all calm followed.

Night came on, but still not a breath of air arose, until near morning, and then a head wind, barely sufficient to fill the sails, and after the sun rose it died out, but not but it brought with it a dangerous foe, for there lay the Trux'llo, the Spanish frigate, not a mile distant.

Rafael was at once on deck, and though a cloud of anxiety crossed his face, his voice was firm, as he said to Gervaise Lafond:—

"We've got a long row, for the Spaniard is in our front, reefs on either side, and land astern, with no breeze in sight."

"True, if we had a breeze, we could gain the inlet and be safe from pursuit until the next blow, and then we could slip out and run for it," answered Lafond, quietly.

"Well, consider that the Trux'llo and here we are, like a chained hound, at the mercy of her guns, should she close upon us, and likely to be boarded by her boats with three times the number of our crew; but, by heavens! they'll have to fight for the Sea Wizard ere, they take her, single on yonder peak," and Rafael spoke firmly.

"They'll not fire on us, for they would not injure their prize, for they look upon her as such a cost of brains and gold; no, the Dons will try to carry us by boarding," remarked Leo, joining his comander and lieutenant.

"They are opening their broadside ports, sir," said an old quartermaster.

"Then they dare not be sure us in commencing the ball. Here, men, swing this gun around for the frigate, and to your quarters, all of you," cried Rafael, sternly, while the gun was trained, and igniting it himself, Rafael applied the match.

A yell from his crew attested his skill, for the iron messenger had gone through the quarter deck of the Trux'llo, and evidently done considerable damage to human life.

"Ready at your guns, there, fire!" again ordered the chief, and the schooner trembled violently under the heavy discharge from her broadside, while a crashing of timbers and shrieks and cries, proved that the iron shot had been well aimed.

Then came a hurtling of iron, the becalmed frigate, a cruel, telling broadside of thirty heavy guns and Sea Wizard was swept fearmortal, for a hail of grape-shot tore through her rigging and decks, laying low in death one fourth of her crew.

"Ha! they reserve their heavy shot so as not to injure their prize, and now that we would slay her crew; down, men; here comes another broadside, and a tempest of grape was poured upon the devoted vessel, but the forecastle gun under the eye of their daring leader, returned the fire with telling effect.

"Here they come!" suddenly cried Leo, and from the other side of the frigate dashed a dozen boats, filled with men.

"Lads, yonder come our foes, the Spaniards in many battles we have had only victory, this one may go against us, but if it does, remember 'tis a short prayer, a rope and all's over.

"This schooner shall never fly the Spanish flag while I live, so if you would haul down the Black Flag of the Sea Wizard, wait until I am dead."

A yell came from the buccaneers, even the seriously wounded cheered faintly, and cheered faintly, and cheered again, as they staggered to their feet once more.

On came the boats, their crews shrieking like so many demons, and then the guns of the Sea Wizard opened at short range, loaded with grape-shots and slugs.

The slaughter was awful and for a moment checked the advance, but then again they rushed onward, gained the sides of the schooner under another murderous discharge of her guns, and threw themselves pell-mell upon the deck.

Wheeling the stern pivot gun around, Rafael discharged it right into the mass of boarders and they were swept down to a man.

Again they boarded, headed by Lieutenant Eusebio Comtaro, and Don Aquereo Montado, to be confronted by Rafael, his officers and half a hundred seamen.

The conflict was short, but awful, and then Don Eusebio was cut to the deck by the buccaneer leader's rapier, just as Don Aquero ran his sword through the heart of Gervaise Lafond, who, with the stilled cry upon his lips of "Viva le Sea Wizard!" fell dead.

Leo sprang forward and ere Don Aquero could raise his sword Gervaise Lafond was avenged.

With both of their leaders fallen, the Spanish seamen broke in dismay, and a wild rush, headed by Rafael, who was everywhere most conspicuous, but still unwounded, swept the decks once more.

Affrighted at their losses, the sub-officers in vain tried to lead their crews once more to the attack. It was useless; they re-entered their boats and rowed hastily back towards the frigate, followed all the way by a galling fire from the schooner.

Having regained their vessel the Trux'llo again opened upon the schooner, and not less than three times Leo ran and set her trefric broadsides of grape, but a new and terrific danger faced them—the Sea Wizard was on fire.

Rapidly the flames spread, but as long as he could use his guns, and until two-thirds of the crew and more had fallen, Rafael stood by and fought his ship.

Then, when no hope remained, his cheering voice was heard:—

"Man up her cutter fore and aft, there, and in her gayest shroud: unfurl those sails, men, set every inch of canvas."

Rapidly the orders were obeyed, the crew watching the flames, full of desperation and then again Rafael cried:

"Now, to your boats, my brave lads, and ho, for the inlet!"

Quickly the boats filled and the order given to cut and sail to follow them in line with evil, a brisk breeze sprang up, and as the schooner, now wrapped in flames, came in sight, the Trux'llo swept down, pouring in a destructive fire upon the rowing crew.

But the boats sailed on manfully, yet without hope, for ere long her heavy guns would reach them, and huffing up she ordered them alongside.

Then up her cutter to resist, and Rafael obeyed, according the frigates' sides with Leo, Hannibal and the gallant remnant of his once noble crew, just as his foot touched the deck, the Sea Wizard was blown into the air, shattered with the wind, which had seemed to favor Rafael's capture, and left the crew of the Trux'llo once more becalmed and within a mile of the wreckers' island.

"For a moment, Rafael, the Sea Wizard?" asked the commander of the frigate, gazing with anger and a shade of sorrow upon the face of the buccaneer.

"No more call me, senor," answered the chief, in perfect Spanish.

"You are taken at last and I suppose know your fate."

"To be broken at the wheel is to be my doom," coolly replied Rafael, and a shade of quivering.

"For me

It was Leonardo, his body half cut in two by some sharp shot from the frigate, which, missing the schooner, had ricochoted over the water and found a mark in the aged priest, who had been viewing the battle from his lofty look-out, to meet, alas, his death by accident.

Rafael was deeply moved by the discovery he made, and in silence the crew stood around, as he knelt beside the torn body, while memories flested before him of his childhood, and all that the erring, but kind-hearted man had been to him.

Leo was greatly affected and said his hand softly upon the upturned forehead, but with Hannibal it was different; he had not liked the priest; he had stood in deadly fear of him, almost as much as he had of the old witch, Chloe, and he could not, negro-like, suppress his joy by a double shuffle and a guffaw.

"Now, he's dead; I'se so glad!" A blow from Rafael sent him reeling, while the stern:

"If you dare rejoice in the presence of the dead, I'll hurl you from the cliff," proved that the chief was not to be trifled with.

"Half a dozen of you men, raise the body and bear it to the cabin. Here, Hannibal, the dogs know you, so go first, quiet them, and put them all in some place where their howls will not be heard on the frigate."

The black bounded away, glad to escape, and then followed Rafael, Leo and Alvarez, with the others bearing Leonardo behind them, and the crew bringing up the rear.

The consternation of those on the frigate, their fury and despair, upon the discovery of the escape of the Sea Wizard and her crew, cannot be described, and as a breeze sprang up at midnight, carrying the Truxillo far away from the scene by morning, no conjecture could be arrived at as to their flight, and night after night gradually gained ground that they had all sprung into the ocean, preferring an end by their own hands, to being hung; but, then, the boatswain and four men were missing, and the sentiment among the crew was believed that Rafael was none other than his satanic master.

The sun arose bright and beautiful the morning after the escape, and Rafael ordered preparations at once made for the burial of the priest.

In a quiet spot, by the little stream, and beneath a shrub tree, Leonardo found his last resting place, Rafael, the pirate, for the sake of what he had once been to him, and on account of his holy office, once held with honor, reading the burial service over him, in a voice that impressed all present.

"Leo, you and Don Alvarez can go down aboard the schooner, and set the men at work repairing her, for she must be in a bad condition after her idle life these long years; I shall need you. I will be at the cliff," and Rafael walked away by himself, to think over by the dead some plan to plan for the future, while his thoughts were a perfect chaos, after all he had lately passed through.

Suddenly a step sounded behind him and, turning, the chief beheld Hannibal.

"Well, sir," he said, sternly.

"Massa Rafael, I came to tell you important t'ing you should know, for I'se no longer 'feared of dat witch of iniquity, old Chloe, and dat she'd die soon, I'se glad dead."

"You mean Father Leonardo?"

"Yes, sah."

"Well, what have you to say?"

"I tell you, sah, you t'ink I was on de ship dat de Spaniards took, and I saw your fadder."

"What! you never told me this before; tell me all now," said Rafael, excitedly.

"I come by de cabin for dat, when you was alone; yes, sah. I was your fadder's body servant, for I was a big boy when his sister and he was a mighty fine man, only a little too fond of de ladies."

"You will Reverence de critter, Hannibal."

"Yes, massa; well, you see, he was a noble gentleman, and he marry a lady and one dat lady was your mudder."

"Is your self name, sir, dat do you say? Were my father and mother married?" and Rafael excitedly grasped the negro's hand.

"Yes, sah; for I was at de wedding, and dress your fadder for de 'casion."

"Hannibal, there is some mistake, for the priest told me differently."

"De priest told you a lie—hold, massa, don't look that way and scare poor nigger to death, but it is so; he tole you lie to keep you from goin' to America to look up your family. So help me heaven, I tell you de truf!"

"I begin to understand all now; go on, Hannibal."

"Yes, massa; well, you see, your fadder marry dis lubly lady, and when you was born he was bery proud of you; but your mudder had a sister, a sweet young lady, and she lub your fadder, and after a while he no lub his wife no more, but lub de sister; den dey talk together and run off, takin' me along, too, and you, who was a baby, dey leave behind, and only for your fadder would not leab you behind.

"Well, massa, we sail from New York, and de ship we sail on had on board an old priest, and den de Spaniards took de ship, and your fadder fought like a tiger, though he did, was kill, and your aunty, who preten' to be your mudder, was kill; but before dey die, dey confess all to de priest, and he write it down, and your fadder, dey didn't kill Fadder Leonardo, nor me, nor you, who was a bebe baby boy den, for de priest beg for dem to spare us, and dey did.

"Well, you see, de priest done tole you how we come here, and when ole Chloe, dat witch, come, why dey get me sacered and say if I tell you anything I die like de t'ief on de cross, and so I keep quiet and dat is why I am so glad when de old wench died, and when de cannon ball cut old Leonardo in two."

"Forgive me the blow I gave you, my faithful friend, but you have opened my eyes to a deep mystery, and through life you shall never have a wish that, if in my power, I will not gratify.

"You have ever been faithful to me, Hannibal, and you have this day told me, you have taken a load of iron off my heart. I am the son of Don Alvarez, the frigate, their fury and despair, upon the discovery of the escape of the Sea Wizard and her crew, cannot be described, and as a breeze sprang up at midnight, carrying the Truxillo far away from the scene by morning, no conjecture could be arrived at as to their flight, and night after night gradually gained ground that they had all sprung into the ocean, preferring an end by their own hands, to being hung; but, then, the boatswain and four men were missing, and the sentiment among the crew was believed that Rafael was none other than his satanic master.

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"Massa Rafael, I came to tell you important t'ing you should know, for I'se no longer 'feared of dat witch of iniquity, old Chloe, and dat she'd die soon, I'se glad dead."

"You mean Father Leonardo?"

"Yes, sah."

"Well, what have you to say?"

"I tell you, sah, you t'ink I was on de ship dat de Spaniards took, and I saw your fadder."

"What! you never told me this before; tell me all now," said Rafael, excitedly.

"I come by de cabin for dat, when you was alone; yes, sah. I was your fadder's body servant, for I was a big boy when his sister and he was a mighty fine man, only a little too fond of de ladies."

"You will Reverence de critter, Hannibal."

"Yes, massa; well, you see, he was a noble gentleman, and he marry a lubly lady and one dat lady was your mudder."

"Is your self name, sir, dat do you say? Were my father and mother married?" and Rafael excitedly grasped the negro's hand.

"Yes, sah; for I was at de wedding, and dress your fadder for de 'casion."

"Hannibal, there is some mistake, for the priest told me differently."

"De priest told you a lie—hold, massa, don't look that way and scare poor nigger to death, but it is so; he tole you lie to keep you from goin' to America to look up your family. So help me heaven, I tell you de truf!"

"I begin to understand all now; go on, Hannibal."

"Yes, massa; well, you see, your fadder marry dis lubly lady, and when you was born he was bery proud of you; but your mudder had a sister, a sweet young lady, and she lub your fadder, and after a while he no lub his wife no more, but lub de sister; den dey talk together and run off, takin' me along, too, and you, who was a baby, dey leave behind, and only for your fadder would not leab you behind.

"Well, massa, we sail from New York, and de ship we sail on had on board an old priest, and den de Spaniards took de ship, and your fadder fought like a tiger, though he did, was kill, and your aunty, who preten' to be your mudder, was kill; but before dey die, dey confess all to de priest, and he write it down, and your fadder, dey didn't kill Fadder Leonardo, nor me, nor you, who was a bebe baby boy den, for de priest beg for dem to spare us, and dey did.

"Well, you see, de priest done tole you how we come here, and when ole Chloe, dat witch, come, why dey get me sacered and say if I tell you anything I die like de t'ief on de cross, and so I keep quiet and dat is why I am so glad when de old wench died, and when de cannon ball cut old Leonardo in two."

"Forgive me the blow I gave you, my faithful friend, but you have opened my eyes to a deep mystery, and through life you shall never have a wish that, if in my power, I will not gratify.

"You have ever been faithful to me, Hannibal, and you have this day told me, you have taken a load of iron off my heart. I am the son of Don Alvarez, the frigate, their fury and despair, upon the discovery of the escape of the Sea Wizard and her crew, cannot be described, and as a breeze sprang up at midnight, carrying the Truxillo far away from the scene by morning, no conjecture could be arrived at as to their flight, and night after night gradually gained ground that they had all sprung into the ocean, preferring an end by their own hands, to being hung; but, then, the boatswain and four men were missing, and the sentiment among the crew was believed that Rafael was none other than his satanic master.

The sun arose bright and beautiful the morning after the escape, and Rafael ordered preparations at once made for the burial of the priest.

In a quiet spot, by the little stream, and beneath a shrub tree, Leonardo found his last resting place, Rafael, the pirate, for the sake of what he had once been to him, and on account of his holy office, once held with honor, reading the burial service over him, in a voice that impressed all present.

"Leo, you and Don Alvarez can go down aboard the schooner, and set the men at work repairing her, for she must be in a bad condition after her idle life these long years; I shall need you. I will be at the cliff," and Rafael walked away by himself, to think over by the dead some plan to plan for the future, while his thoughts were a perfect chaos, after all he had lately passed through.

Suddenly a step sounded behind him and, turning, the chief beheld Hannibal.

"Well, sir," he said, sternly.

"Massa Rafael, I came to tell you important t'ing you should know, for I'se no longer 'feared of dat witch of iniquity, old Chloe, and dat she'd die soon, I'se glad dead."

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"Well, you see, de priest done tole you how we come here, and when ole Chloe, dat witch, come, why dey get me sacered and say if I tell you anything I die like de t'

"Nothing, Frank! Can't pay them? Why, before we were married you told me you were off!"

"So I was; but I didn't know it!"


## CHRISTIAN SCIENCE HEALING.

### ONE MILLION CURED CASES.

**You Can Be Cured Whether You Believe in Christian Science or Not.**

Over a million cures of disease in every form are now to the credit of Christian Science Healing. Most of these were cases that the doctors had given up as "incurable." Many more were chronic maladies that had baffled their skill for years. All were quickly cured; some were cured instantly. The evidence on these facts is simply indisputable, and the curing still goes on. There can be no mistake or misstatement about it. The healers and their work are in the public view. As a C. S. healer my many marvelous cures have startled the world. During the past 12 years I have healed diseases of almost every known kind and in every stage of severity. They included many surgical cases where operations were otherwise threatened. I cured cases that were far away from me, as well as those near at hand. And I tell you in like manner that wherever you may dwell and whatever be your bodily ailment, or whether one or many physicians have failed to give you relief, if you report the case to me and so desire, you shall be cured. This is no vain or idle promise. My past success fully justifies it. You can be cured whether you believe in Christian Science or not. You can be cured whether in this city or thousand of miles away from me. In no other Christian Science Healing distance is of no account; disbelief is not any hindrance; disappointments of the past only make stronger grounds for hope. All you really need is the wish to be healed.

I have just published a little book in regard to this blessed truth called "A Message of Health and Healing." If you write to me I will gladly send you a COPY FREE. It gives many interesting facts and convincing testimonials. Enclose 2-cent stamp for postage. S. A. Jefferson, C. S. B., Suite 604, 112 Dearborn Street, Chicago, Ill.

**Wanted a Reduction.**

An old colored man meandered into the dental parlor, accompanied by his daughter, who was suffering from an aching molar.

"Mawnin', boss," began the old man. "Ah done fotched dis hyar gal foh ter hab er tooth yanked out, sah."

"All right, uncle," said the dentist. "Shall I give her gas to deaden the pain?"

"What am dat gas yeriw ter cost, sah?" queried the venerable American.

"Fifty cents," replied the tooth carpenter.

"Look hyar, boss, dat am a heap ob money foh to pay out reckless," said the old fellow. "Kain't yo' all gib her er leetle guverline foh ev quartah?"

## Book of Vacation Stories.

The Summer Book just issued by the Lackawanna Railroad contains a series of delightful vacation stories entitled "The Experiences of Pa." Everyone who is seeking a place in which to spend the summer months will be interested in these amusing sketches. The book is handsomely illustrated and describes some of the most attractive resorts of the East. It will tell you where to go, how to go and the price of board; it is called "Mountain and Lake Resorts of the Lackawanna Railroad," and will be sent on request accompanied by 5 cents in stamps to T. W. Lee, General Passenger Agent, New York City.

**Bright Youth.**

Stern Father—But you have no money. If you marry my daughter you will have to live on love.

The Young Man—Thank you, sir. Then I may count on you to raise the wind, eh?

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup for Children teething, softens the gums, reduces inflammation, allays pain, cures wind colic. 25 cents a bottle.

**A Toothsome Dish.**

"Yes; when we visited the Winnebago camp they offered us baked dog."

"How do they prepare it, with the bark on or off?"


**Searching for Knowledge.**

"I say, pa," began little Clarence Callipers, with the rising inflection of one who earnestly desires to acquire important information, "what—"

"Oh, I don't know," replied his long-suffering sire, wearily.

"Yes; but the question I wanted to ask isn't foolish, pa."

"Him; if it isn't foolish you may ask it. But, remember, just one question and no more."

"Well, pa, there are two of 'em that I want to ask. One is, which is the smartest, the man who knows enough to know that he don't know much or the man who knows enough to look as if he knew everything? The other is, if the end of the world was to come and the earth destroyed while a man was up in a balloon, where would he land when he came down? And, pa, I don't know which one 'em to ask."

**A Practical Difficulty.**

Mamma had been impressing upon the little ones the verse, "And unto him that smiteth on one cheek, offer also the other."

After a while Paul came in crying.

"Why, what's the matter?" said mamma.

"Sister bit me," said Paul.

"Have you forgotten about turning the other cheek?" asked mamma.

"No," said Paul, "but I couldn't; she bit me in the middle."

**Natural History.**

"Yep," said the red-beaked tramp as he gazed down at the germ-laden lunch, "I find dis cheese very instructive."

"Instructive?" echoed the bartender. "In what way?"

"Why, when I look at it I have de opportunity of studyin' animal life."

**Mean of Her.**

"I love you more than words can tell," breathed the ardent youth, "and if I died I should like to take your letters with me to the other world."

"Indeed," laughed the maiden. "Then I will have to begin writing them on asbestos."

**Footing the Bill.**

Editor (just getting on train with valise)—What do you want now? Do you suppose I'll stay in this town after being tarred and feathered?

Citizen—No; and that's just why I want you to pay this bill. That was my tar they used.

**Never Stopped.**

Grer—I dropped my watch in the river and didn't recover it for three days. It kept on running, though.

Myer—Oh, that watch wont run for three days.

Grer—Of course not. I was speaking of the river.

**Horrid Fear.**

"Well," said the girl's father, sternly, after the timid suitor had finally stated his case, "do you think you could support a family, young man?"

"See whizz!" exclaimed the young man, "have you lost your job?"

**One Way of Putting It.**

Nell—Have you heard the news about Ethel? She has got a position as a dishwasher.

Bell—You don't mean it!

Nell—Yes, I do; she is going to marry Charlie Thompson.

**Beyond Endurance.**

Our neighbors! well, they're hard to beat. I hate to make complaint.

But half the people in our St,

Would aggravate a St.

**Tried to Explain It.**

Mr. Flatley—Yes; I'm a self-made man.

Prof. Studiosite—Er—um got the material at a bargain sale?

**Not a Question of Grammar.**

It was a question of grammar. "Bill A— looks badly" is proper, insisted the one who was a stock broker. "I'll bet you're wrong," said the other. "I'll take you." And the bet was made. A man who reads a great deal was consulted. Which is right," he was asked, "'Bill A— looks badly' or 'Bill A— looks bad?'"

The one who reads much stroked his chin, his head dropped slightly, and his eyes grew small and penetrating. He said slowly: "Now, 'Bill A— looks bad' is bad grammar. Bill A— can't 'look bad' because bad is unmodified. If bad was modified by 'very' then Bill A— would 'look very bad,' which is all right. It must be 'Bill A— looks badly.' It's a question simply of degree."

The stock broker and his friend held a conference. They decided that Bill A— looked neither bad nor badly, but that he looked good.

There is more Catarrh in this section of the country than all other diseases put together, and until the last few years was supposed to be incurable. For a great many years doctors pronounced it a local disease, and prescribed local remedies, and by constantly failing to cure with local treatment, pronounced it incurable. Science has proven catarrh to be a constitutional disease, and therefore requires constitutional treatment. Hall's Catarrh Cure, manufactured by F. J. Cheney & Co., Toledo, Ohio, is the only constitutional cure on the market. It is taken internally in doses from 10 drops to a teaspoonful. It acts directly on the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. They offer one hundred dollars for any case it fails to cure. Send for circulars and testimonials.

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Sold by Druggists, 75c.

Hall's Family Pills are the best.

**In One Act.**

It was a dark night.

"Petro," whispered the beautiful girl with sunrise hair, "he is a man who has caused the crimson flush to tinge my cheeks."

"What!" hissed Petro, reaching for his trusty blade. "Say the name—your lover?"

"No, my druggist. He handles the best rouge in town."

And only a whispering night breeze disturbed the stillness.

**How She Triumphed.**

LaMontt—So Mrs. Pearlpen wrote poetry for two years without getting a line accepted. I should think she would be terribly discouraged.

LaMoyne—Not a bit. She took all the rejection slips and papered a room. Now she is known as the most bizarre woman in town.

**Academic Aid.**

Uncle Hi—Wal, Jepthy, when air you a-goin' ter fix that fence along the crick?

Jepthy Jutter—Why, I'm a-waitin' till Clarence comes home from college. Y'see, he's takin' fencing lessons there and probly he kin put me onter a new wrinkle or tew.

**The Black Band.**

Bobby—Mother, what is that black band around Mr. Jenks' arm for?

Mother—Hush, dear; he might hear you. Mrs. Jenks is dead; that is a sign of mourning.

Bobby—Oh, I thought p'raps it was to keep the caterpillies from crawling up.

**Most Annoying.**

Magistrate (to ragged young offender)—Have you been arrested before, little boy?

Little Boy (nervously)—I been troubled by these 'ere p'licemen ever since I was a mere child.

**Couldn't Be Better.**

Gentleman (indignantly)—When I bought this dog, you said he was splendid for rats. Why, he won't touch them.

Dog Dealer—Well, ain't that splendid for rats?

Storekeeper—Yes, mum; them's fine eggs; they ain't no flies on them air!

Customer—So! Well, by the size of 'em I should think flies laid 'em!

**Small Wonder.**

Professor—You would be surprised, madam, to know how sensitive is the membrane of the human ear.

Miss Smarter—Considering what some people have to hear, I don't wonder at it.

**Poor Tommy.**

The Visitor—Does mamma give you anything for being a good boy?

Tommy—No; she gives it to me when I ain't.

**Mutual Grief.**

Big Girl—Yes; I weep because he never returned—my sweetheart who wore a suit of blue.

Small Girl—Well, don't cry. I had a feller who wore a suit of blue and never came back.

Big Girl—Dear me! And was he a soldier, too?

Small Girl—No; he was a messenger boy an' somebody gave him a dollar to change.

**His Experience.**

"I wonder how they ever happened to call this Wall street?" queried the bull, as he and the lamb turned into that great financial thoroughfare. "There isn't any wall in it."

"Perhaps you don't see the wall," replied the lamb, "but it's there just the same. I bumped up against it once."

**Sorry He Spoke.**

"After all, man is only dust," remarked Reuben Rail, who owed a two months' grocery bill.

"Yes; but some men don't resemble dust," snapped the storekeeper.

"Why not?"

"Because dust will settle."

**Puzzling.**

"I don't see," said Mrs. McGuire, as she sat in the prow of the vessel, "how the captain can find his way across the ocean. If he were going the other way, all he'd have to do would be to follow that white streak behind there, but in front there's nothing to point the way."

**A Strong Constitution.**

Miffers—Talk about strong constitutions! My neighbor Whiffers has any one I ever saw.

Differs—That man! You must be daft! He's been bedridden for ten years.

Miffers—Yes; but he's tried all the known remedies for his disease and he's alive yet.

**Poor Philadelphia.**

"These carettes are so slow they should be introduced in Philadelphia," remarked the man from Duluth.

"Oh, no," said the Chicago man.

"Why not?"

"Because the men that run them would be arrested for fast driving."

**How They Are Killed.**

"The Boers are dead easy," chuckled the British boarder, as he read how a regiment of lancers had been cut to one burgher.

"I agree with you," said the shoe clerk. "Dead easy when they are in your prison camps."

**A Day That Didn't Attract Him.**

One morning before examination day at school the following conversation took place between a little boy and his mother:

"Mother, I ain't going to school today."

"Why not?"

"Cause it's damnation day."

**Bad Variety.**

"What makes you look so sad, Sandy?"

"Oh, I was carrying excess baggage dis mornin'."

"What kind of baggage, pard?"

"A bulldog's grip."

**A Wise Girl.**

Alice—How long should a girl know a man before becoming engaged to him?

Grace—Oh, long enough for him to propose.

**Usual Thing.**

Biggs—I hear you are financially embarrassed, is it so?

Diggs—No; my creditors seem to be a little embarrassed, but I'm not.

**Gone.**

Aunt Maria—You should love your neighbor as yourself.

Tom—I love her better than I do myself.

**Enterprise in New York.**

"Is this an up-to-date hotel?" we asked.

"Sure," responded the New York proprietor. "We have a solemograph in each room to tell you when the next earthquake—I mean subway disturbance—will take place."

**He Was Next to the Game.**

"Put not your trust in riches," said the clerical-looking man in the rusty coat.

"I don't," replied the prosperous-looking individual. "I put my riches in trusts."

# Storyettes.

### An Off Season.

"I wanted a month of complete rest," said the bookkeeper, "and so I went up to a small town in New Hampshire and engaged board at the inn.

"I stated that I would be an object of curiosity and that every one would feel free to question me, and I must say I was surprised when I was pretty severely let alone.

"That is, no one asked where I came from, what my business was, how long I was going to stay or any of the leading questions generally put to strangers.

"There were five or six men who loafed about the inn a good deal and there was always lots of talk, but there was nothing like curiosity on their part.

"When I was about ready to leave I said to the old justice of the peace, who always dropped in every evening:

"'See here, Squire; I can't exactly make you folks out. I've always heard that you were full of curiosity respecting strangers.'

"'Yes, we be,' he replied.

"'And don't any of you care to know who I am?'

"'We are just dyin' to know.'

"'But I've been here a month and no one has tried to pump me. What is the matter?'

"'Well, sir, I'll tell you how it is,' he said, an air tainted back with a sigh of regret.

"'There's me, for instance. I've jest married my fourth wife, with my third one hardly cold in the grave, and I'm keepin' purty quiet for awhile.

"'There's Joe Hastings, who is suspected of stealin' a cow, and he don't like keepin' his mouth shet.

"'Deacon Spooner wanted to know all about you the very first day, but the deacon is bein' sued for breach of promise and dasn't push it too much.

"'That's about ten others who are wondering who you be, and where you come from, and all about you, but they've got quinsy, sore throats or lockjaw, and can't talk, and so you are goin' to git clean out of it.

"'I've stard you up as a decent feller, however, and if you don't come back after awhile and give us a fair show to find out who your great-grandmother was we shall be a mighty disappointed community.'

### Much Pleasanter.

This, in the parlance of 200 years ago, would have been called "an o'er true tale." Having happened in North side young man only last Tuesday afternoon, it is left unclaimed.

Up to 2:17 o'clock that afternoon nobody ever had intimated to Binks that he was particularly entertaining. His mirror had told him a thousand times that he was not pretty by a long half a mile. One shoulder is a little higher than the other, but both of them can't make a showing in a top coat without some padding.

All of which had left Binks wholly off his guard in general, and particularly so at 2:14 o'clock that afternoon, at which moment a handsome young woman of his acquaintance came up to him in the waiting room of a big retail house holding out her hand with charming graciousness.

She had remarked his absence from the city for several weeks. She had asked him about his trip in general, and Binks had begun to tell of it when at 2:17 o'clock she said, in sincerest tones:

"I should so like to talk with you longer; I should find it so much pleasanter than to meet an engagement which is calling me, but then an appointment is an appointment."

Binks, even in his elation, had to admit that an appointment was all that she had said.

"But many'n' I walk with you?" he asked, surprised at his own temerity.

She consented readily. They came out into Wabash avenue, walked two blocks south, crossed into State street, and they were still talking when she suddenly stopped at the southwest corner of an intersecting thoroughfare.

"I shall have to leave you here," she smiled. "A dentist upstairs is waiting to fill two teeth for me."

Note—If you don't understand just how Binks feel after he has thought it all over you would better read this story over again more carefully.

### The Dead Swan.

A gentleman in Lincolnshire, England, sent a dead swan to the Athenaeum club, addressed to the secretary. A special dinner was to consist of swan, and the committee without question turned the bird over to the cook.

At the dinner the swan, resting on a great silver dish, was set down to the carver, but when it came to carving and eating the bird no knife seemed sharp enough to cut it, and eating it was out of the question.

A few days later the donor met the secretary, and said, "I hope you got my swan all right?"

"That was a nice joke you played on us," returned the secretary.

"Joke! What do you mean?"

"Why, we had the thing boiled for thirteen hours, and then even we might as well have tried to cut through the Rock of Gibraltar."

"You don't mean to say you had the swan cooked?"

"Why, of course."

"Man alive! I sent it to be stuffed and preserved as a curiosity in the club. That swan has been in my family for two hundred and eighty years. It was one of the identical birds [illegible] by the children of Charles I. You've seen the picture of it. My ancestor held the post of master of the swans and keeper of the king's cygnets. Well, I have no doubt it was a bit tough."

### One of Moody's Jokes.

D. L. Moody was always full of fun. He saw the comic side of things, and as a boy enjoyed putting practical jokes upon any one whom he well knew. In the rear of his Uncle Samuel's retail shoe store in Boston was a cobbler's repair kit—seat, tools, awls, etc., and the seat was, as usual, a piece of leather concavely shaped downward at its center.

One day the workman on this saucer-shaped seat felt it becoming uncomfortably damp, then really moist. He rose, and saw a damp spot on the seat. Supposing that a few drops of water had been accidentally dropped upon the seat before he sat down to his work, he folded an old newspaper, placed it, and sat comfortably down to resume his work. But the moisture seemed strangely persistent. Rising again, he found the paper becoming soaked with water and he stood perplexed, his hammer in one hand and the soft, wet paper in the other.

Looking this way and that in his perplexity, he soon heard a half chuckle, half snicker, which could no longer be repressed, and there behind the door was the country boy, learning how to be useful in a city shoe store, as he really and rapidly did, but taking his fun as he went along. He had placed a shallow dish of water close up to the under side of the center of the leather seat, which only touched the water when the weight of the occupant was upon it, so there or four small awl-holes served his purpose for that time.

Some people while on earth try to live on the interest of their imaginary treasures in heaven.

REASON ENOUGH.

"I saw the Count kissing you just now in the conservatory. Why didn't you tell him to stop?"

"Why, Fred, I can't speak French."


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Farmers' Sons Wanted with knowledge of farm stock and fair education to travel; $60 salary; give a month with advancement; steady employment; state no booze and reliable. Horse and rig furnished; position are being established in each state. Apply at once giving full particulars. The Rumsey Manufacturing Co., Geneva, N. Y.

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FREE WE GIVE AWAY FREE a perfect self-adjusting Eye Glass or Spectacle to any person, no matter where they live, who will write us a postal card and mention this paper. Address, with stamp, GENUINE DIAMOND OPTICAL CO., 79 BRADFIELD, ILL.

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THIS beautiful air rifle shoots B. B. shot with great force and is just the gun for small game or target practice. Every boy should have one. We will give it to you if you will sell 40 packages of Bluine at 10 cents per package and after selling 10 of your beautiful scarf pins at the same price. We trust you with the Bluine and pins. Write us and we will send them postpaid. When sold send us the money and we will send you the rifle, all charges prepaid. Address, BLUINE MFG. CO., Box 289, Concord Junction, Mass.

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FREE
To every lady who will cut out this Sewing Rocker, explain how she got it and send us 12 2-cent stamps to help pay postage and packing, we will send Rocker, Needle Book, Corset Protector, Child's Reward of Merit, Game Authors, Game Flinch, Game Old Maid, Game Dominoes, Game Fortune Telling Cards, Game Playing Cards

## The Wizard of the Waves.

(Continued from page seven.)

youth received an officer's position, which he accepted, for Leonardo to keep him with him, had told him he was of illegitimate birth, and had no right to raise his head among honorable men.

"That shaped his course, and he, and the boy, Leo, became buccaneers, through a force of circumstance—"

"Hold! Rafael—say no more, for now I see it all—you are that Ralph, and your young lieutenant, Leo, is my twin brother, while you are my half brother!"

"It is true, thank God!"

"Oh God, I thank Thee, too, for my sake, and the sake of my poor mother," cried Clarice, and she was enfolded in Ralph's arms, the first embrace of relationship he had ever known.

"Come, here is cousin, and she will not be slighted," said Clarice, releasing herself, and while smiles and tears, like an April shower, rested on her face, she drew Ruby forward, but though warm words of greeting passed between them, the chief did not draw her to his bosom.

Chester then offered his congratulations, and Ralph raised a whistle to his lips and drew one shrill blast, after which he continued:

"In this iron box are papers to prove all I have told you; I took them from a secret repository in Leonardo's cabin, while, in a few moments, Hannibal, the former servant of my father, Mr. Raven, will tell you his story, for I signaled for him to come with Leo, for I have told the youth all."

A few moments more, and the handsome young officer came bounding through the grove, followed by Hannibal, and in an instant he and Clarice were clasped in each other's arms, and then the likeness between them was seen to be most striking, and all wondered, why they had not observed it before.

Leo was less backward about kissing his cousin, than was Ralph, and gave her sundry hearty smacks upon the pouting lips, while as joyous as a school boy he turned to Chester Woodbridge, remarking:

"Lieutenant, it's a jolly thing to be a pirate, when the sequel is like this."

"Here is Hannibal, Clarice, who deserves the thanks of all," said Ralph, as I now must call him, as if wishing to check the flow of Leo's spirits, and the faithful negro grinned with delight at the welcome he received.

"But we must not forget my mother—mother, how strange the word from my lips," said Ralph, softly, and the proud face took stolen over his face, that had so drawn Ruby toward him when they first met.

"True, and oh, how joyful will be the tidings we bear her," cried Clarice.

"Lieutenant Woodbridge, to you would I leave the breaking of the news to my mother, for your good sense will tell you just what to say, for it is dangerous sometimes to suddenly hear good news, as it is to receive a shock from grief.

"You know the particulars now, and we will await you here."

With delight at the joy his words would bring to a poor mother's heart, Chester departed for the mansion, and so ably did he fill his delicate mission, that within the hour he returned with Madam Orville leaning on his arm.

Who can picture that meeting between the mother and her two sons, both of whom she had loved alike, and both of whom she had long mourned as lost, swept from her by the cruel sea?

It is useless, gentle reader mine, to dwell upon the scene, for my pen will not write, my brain will not dictate the unfathomable joy that dwelt in every heart present in that arbor by the lake, from Mrs. Orville, the long grieving mother, to *Hannibal*, the delighted negro, whom his mistress greeted most warmly, recognizing in him the ever faithful friend and servant of her former husband.

"Mother, your heart has received me into its love, but did Lieutenant Woodbridge tell you all that your son had been—that he had been a rover under the 'Black Flag'" and Ralph's voice was touchingly sad as he spoke.

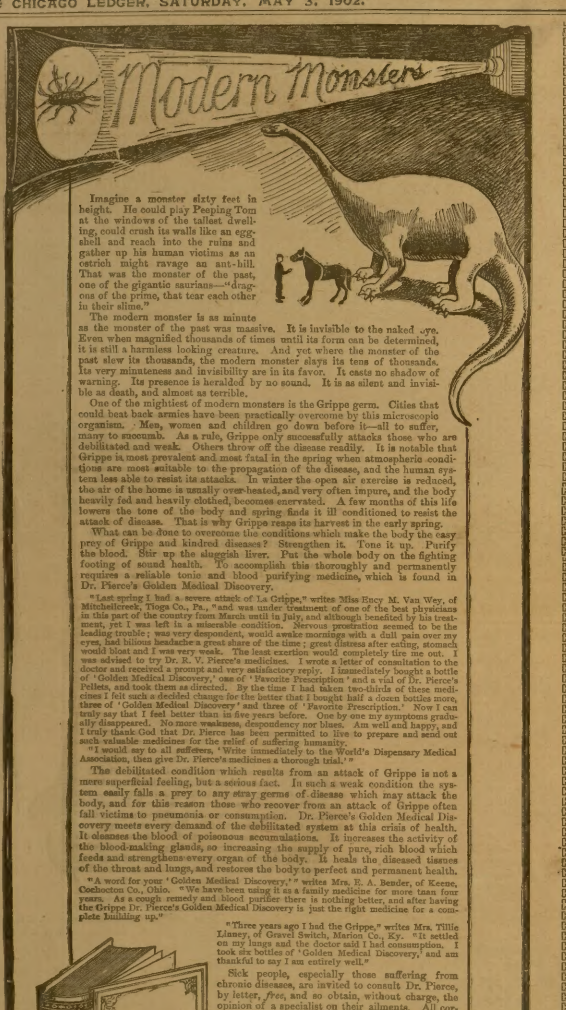
"Ralph, I know all; a cruel fate made you what you were, yet it never took from you your nobleness of soul, and I believe you and Leo are as honorable in nature today, as any man that lives.

"Come, let us to the mansion," and the happy party started off toward the Lakeside Retreat, Hannibal bringing up the rear, balancing on his broad head the large iron box, containing the secret that had brought joy to that lonely home by the sea.

CHAPTER XXIV.
CONCLUSION.

The influence of Colonel Orville, aided by that of Captain Burroughs, of the Enterprise, and Lieutenant Woodbridge, with the letters formerly written by Captain Ransells, of the valuable services of Rafael, the Sea "Wizard," procured for Ralph Raven, in his new character, a commission from the United States, and a free pardon for himself and men, for all illegal acts committed in American waters; furthermore it retained the services of Captain Raven, and his schooner and crew, to act as a coast guard along the shores of Louisiana, and the lakes of Pontchartrain and Borgne, a duty which the ex-buccaneer was only too glad to perform, with Don Alvarez for his first officer, and Leo for his second.

As for the career of the schooner, Ruby, as Ralph named the little vessel, it is a matter of history, so I will not here speak of the gallant services rendered by the wee craft, other than to say that during the war of 1812, Captain Ralph Raven won a noble name for himself and crew, and at the close of the struggle, when the banner of peace again floated over land and sea, the brave man, whom fate had made an outlaw from country, and friends, married Ruby Bamette, and upon an elegant plantation home by Pontchartrain's shores, settled down to a life of quietude and enjoyment with his lovely bride, while Hannibal became the Major Dome of the estate, feared by all the little darkies, and looked up



Modern Monsters
Imagine a monster sixty feet in height. He could play Peeping Tom at the windows of the tallest dwelling, could crush its walls like an eggshell and reach into the ruins and gather up his human victims as an ostrich mighs ravage an ant-hill. That was the monster of the past, one of the gigantic saurians—"dragons of the prime, that tear each other in their slime."
The modern monster is as minute as the monster of the past was massive. It is invisible to the naked eye. Even when magnified thousands of times until its form can be determined, it is still a harmless looking creature. And yet where the monster of the past slew its thousands, the modern monster slays its tens of thousands. Its very minuteness and invisibility are in its favor. It casts no shadow of warning. Its presence is heralded by no sound. It is as silent and invisible as death, and almost as terrible.
One of the mightiest of modern monsters is the Grippe germ. Cities that could beat back armies have been practically overcome by this microscopic organism. Men, women and children go down before it—all to suffer, many to succumb. As a rule, Grippe only successfully attacks those who are debilitated and weak. Others throw off the disease readily. It is notable that Grippe is most prevalent and most fatal in the spring when atmospheric conditions are most suitable to the propagation of the disease, and the human system less able to resist its attacks. In winter the open air exercise is reduced, the air of the home is usually overheated, and very often impure, and the body heavily fed and heavily clothed, becomes overrated. A few months of this life lowers the tone of the body and spring finds it ill conditioned to resist the attack of disease. That is why Grippe reaps its harvest in the early spring.
What can be done to overcome the conditions which make the body the easy prey of Grippe and kindred diseases? Strengthen it. Tone it up. Purify the blood. Stir up the sluggish liver. Put the whole body on the fighting footing of sound health. To accomplish this thoroughly and permanently requires a reliable tonic and blood purifying medicine, which is found in Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery.

"Last spring I had a severe attack of La Grippe," writes Miss Ency M. Van Wey, of Mitchellcreek, Tioga Co., Pa., "and was under treatment of one of the best physicians in this part of the country from March 1st until in July, and although benefited by his treatment, yet I was left in a miserable condition. Nervous prostration seemed to be the leading trouble; was very despondent, would awake mornings with a dull pain over my eyes, and bilious headache a great share of the time; great distress after eating, stomach would bloat and I was very weak. The least exertion would completely tire me out. I was advised to try Dr. R. V. Pierce's medicines. I wrote a letter of consultation to the doctor and soon received a prompt and very satisfactory reply. I immediately bought a bottle of 'Golden Medical Discovery,' one of 'Favorite Prescription' and a vial of Dr. Pierce's Pellets, and took them as directed. By the time I had taken two-thirds of these medicines I felt such a decided change for the better that I bought half a dozen bottles more, three of 'Golden Medical Discovery' and three of 'Favorite Prescription.' Now I can truly say that I feel better than in five years before. One by one my symptoms gradually disappeared. No more weakness, despondency nor blues. Am well and happy, and I truly thank God that Dr. Pierce has been permitted to live to prepare and send out such valuable medicines for the relief of suffering humanity.

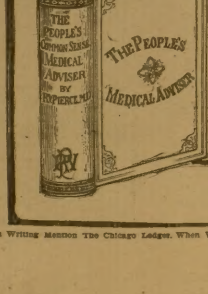
"I would say to all sufferers, 'Write immediately to the World's Dispensary Medical Association, then give Dr. Pierce's medicines a thorough trial.'"

The debilitated condition which results from an attack of Grippe is not a mere superficial feeling, but a serious fact. In such a weak condition the system easily falls a prey to any stray germs of disease which may attack the body, and for this reason those who recover from an attack of Grippe often fall victims to pneumonia or consumption. Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery meets every demand of the debilitated system at this crisis of health. It cleanses the blood of poisonous accumulations. It increases the activity of the blood-making glands, so increasing the supply of pure, rich blood which feeds and strengthens every organ of the body. It heals the diseased tissues of the throat and lungs, and restores the body to perfect and permanent health.

"A word for your Golden Medical Discovery," writes Mrs. E. A. Bender, of Keene, Coshocton Co., Ohio. "We have been using it as a family medicine for more than four years. As a cough remedy and blood purifier there is nothing better, and after having the Grippe, Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery is just the right medicine for a complete building up."

"Three years ago I had the Grippe," writes Mrs. Tillie Llaney, of Grand Switch, Marion Co., Ky. "It settled on my lungs and the doctor said I had consumption. I took six bottles of 'Golden Medical Discovery,' and am thankful to say I am entirely well."

Sick people, especially those suffering from chronic diseases, are invited to consult Dr. Pierce, by letter, *free*, and so obtain, without charge, the opinion of a specialist on their ailments. All correspondence strictly confidential. Address Dr. R. V. Pierce, Buffalo, N. Y.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## Wizard of the Waves.

(Continued.)

to with respect by all the older ones, who knew him as having once been "Hannibal de pirate sailor man," as they expressed it.

Chester Woodbridge and Clarice Orville were also made inseparable, "until death did them part," by the holy bonds of matrimony, and Lakeside Retreat became their home, for Colonel and Mrs. Orville declared that the lake breezes were too cold for their old bones, and took a house in New Orleans, the last years of their lives having no cloud to tinge their happiness.

As for Leo, the gay, dashing Leo Orville, whom all romantic maidens adored

"Next to the dangers he had know,"

he considered himself too old a bird to be caught with chaff, and the possessor of an independent means, passed his time between the homes of Captain Raven and Lakeside Retreat, occasionally dashing off for a "cruise through the states," as he nautically termed a run to New York and elsewhere; with all of his little nephews and nieces he was a prime favorite, and, he said, loved other people's children too much ever to think of marrying and raising a family of his own, hence he remained a bachelor to the end his days, uncaught by the cunning lads who entrap him into matrimony.

Poor Auguste, the French restaurteur, and agent of Rafael, drank too much of his own wine, and one night went off suddenly for the "land of departed spirits," leaving his wife Helene to grieve sadly for her lord and master; but for long, in Advera, Advera, having met and loved the fair widow, offered his hand and heart; was considered worthy to console her for her loss, became the proprietor of the cabaret in the Rue St. Philippe, and the possessor of a lovely wife in Mrs. Helene Auguste.

The crew of the Sea Wizard, the daring, faithful men, who had followed their leaders fortunes through good and ill, after serving on the schooner, Ruby, until the end of the war, enlisted in the different vessels of the United States navy, and soon were scattered to the four winds of the earth; but their lonely watches, and in their hours of idleness in the forecastle, they never forgot, or ceased to fight over their many battles, under their beloved chief, Rafael, the Sea Wizard, of the "Black Flag Privateer."

THE END.

## THE ADVANCEMENT OF RICHARD.

BY ST. JOHN BREVAL.

"Dick?"

"Yes, Maisie," replied Dick.

"I've got an idea—ever had ideas, Dickie?"

"Yes, heaps, Maisie; only they were never put into practice."

"My notion should prove the exception to the rule," said Maisie. "I think you'll fall in with my plan."

"Hope so, Maisie. I'll do my best, anyway."

"It concerns me, you and another."

"The other," queried Dick.

"My dear old uncle, Tony Baldram, the best of gouty old fellows in the world, it's like this: Uncle Tony is getting old and has passed the most active part of life, as you had you in his mind's eyes—for—for my—my guardian—"

"Husband," suggested Dick.

"Husband," assented Maisie. "You know that, don't you, Dick?"

"Yes," agreed Dick. "Ever since I first met you, two years ago, he took a great fancy to me."

"Yes, Dick. He is unhappy because, he says, we don't advance."

"No?" said Dick. "Can't help it, can we, Maisie?"

"Of course not, Dick. He has gone so far as to say as most of his friends call me the future Mrs. Dick Renshaw. It's dreadful, isn't it?"

"Awful," responded the poor fellow. "It's not my fault, is it, Maisie?"

"No, Dick, but it's what I'm so sorry for you, because I never will be—"

"Mrs. Richard Renshaw," chimed in Dick.

"Quite right," said Maisie. "I never can be Mrs. Richard Renshaw, and every one will turn round and call me you a—"

"Heartless cad," put in Dick.

"My name is something as bad, at any rate. Dear Uncle Tony worries dreadfully, and says to me the other day: Maisie, you and Dick don't advance. Doesn't the boy mean to marry you, after all? There is no one in the world more suited for my Maisie's life companion than Dick. He's a dear, good fellow, and I shan't always be with you. I should die happy if I knew you were going to marry Dick. I have set my heart on it."

"It's appalling, Maisie," declared Dick, emphatically. "Quite unintentionally I have caused the dear old chap unhappiness. I've never uttered a compromising word to led you to understand that I was in—in the least bit fond—"

"In love," said Maisie, helping him out of a very awkward position.

"In love," echoed Dick. "Thanks, Maisie. I have never said or done anything that could be construed, have I?"

"No, Dick. Always as straight as a die."

"Nothing like it, eh, Maisie?"

"N-n-n-no, D-i-c-k."

Dick looked up, surprised at Maisie's hesitation.

"Suppose, Dick—I only say suppose there were extenuating circumstances—circumstances demanding a good deal of maneuvering and cunning—"

"Maisie" Dick pronounced her name with a volume of meaning.

"Yes, Dickie." said Maisie. "You are so straight I know you'll be shocked, but I believe you'll do it."

"Do it! Do what, Maisie?"

"I am going to tell you. In fact, as I said before, I've got an idea. When your father died two years ago, Dick, leaving you without a penny, he intrusted you to the care of his dearest friend, Tony Baldram, and you came to live with us."

Dick nodded.

"We have unavoidably been thrown much together and, as a natural consequence, dear old uncle assigned us to one another. But—but it didn't work, did it, Dick?"

"No, Maisie."

"Not made for one another, were we, Dick?"

"No."

"Dear old Dick, I—I—like you awfully and I love you, but only like a—"

"Brother, Maisie?"

"That's it, Dick. We are quite agreed on that point."

"Yes, Maisie; I was really in love once, but it was a different sort of love from that which I have for you. I would do anything for you, Maisie, you've been so good to me, but it's quite—"

"Platonic."

"Yes, Maisie, that's it."

"Good, Dick. We're both of the same mind. Just for dear old Uncle Tony's sake I want you to pretend that—that—"

"We're advancing?" suggested Dick, with a twinkle in his eye.

"Good, again, Dick. He'd be so much happier. After all, it can't be wrong to brighten the dear old days, and he need never know but that it's real. Only when he's dead we are pretend. When alone, we can be as we really are."

Dick was silent a long time.

"You think it would actually cheer him up, Maisie?"

"Undoubtedly, Dickie."

"Then, being a free man, I'll do it."

Judging from the bunch of red roses on Maisie's breakfast plate next morning, Uncle Tony had every reason to suppose that Dick was advancing.

"Died roses for love, Dick," said the old gentleman, "and I'm glad to see you have that, don't you, Maisie."

"Yes, uncle, Dick, they're lovely. Thanks, ever so much."

Dick felt as if he could kick himself

When he hurried off to catch his city train, Maisie followed him to the hall.

"You're a good boy, Dickie whispered. "Mind you return early," she cried out loud enough for her uncle to hear.

"Maisie," said Uncle Tony, "I always knew that boy had a fondness for you; there will be such a wedding! I knew it would come all right. You were made for one another."

That evening Dick brought home some new songs for Maisie. They were sentimental—songs of love and love's sweet dreams of tender eyes, and fair faces. And as Uncle Tony listened to Dick joining in with Maisie he allowed his head to drop and fell asleep, happy in the thought that dear Dick and Maisie were advancing beyond all expectations. So things went on until the weeks slipped away, and Uncle Tony began to wonder when the real wedding was its appearance.

"Don't worry about that, sir," said Dick, brightly. "It will be something special. I shall order one of my own design."

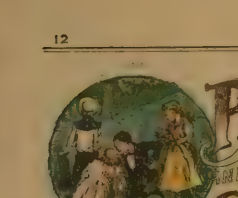
"Pshaw, Dick, you're a dear hearts."

Presently Maisie's birthday came along. "Dick," thought she, "I'll make a grand opportunity for Dick to come out in his real colors, and then Uncle Tony will think of his advancement."

She was bitterly disappointed. Dick gave Maisie a beautiful gold bracelet with a heart-shaped clasp, but only Dick knew the thought and love that had gone to make his purchase.

Dick's private called him a stupid fellow for spending so much money for the sake of appearances, but was overjoyed when if he continued it were better the deception terminated and that Uncle Tony learned the truth.

"Must do the thing thoroughly, Maisie, or no good in the world," he answered. The scheme is working splendidly, and he's a different man. Quick's happy and I'll make its




# THE LOST TRAIN.

By ALVAH MILTON KERR.

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Freight-train Number Thirteen had disappeared, had in some way left the tracks and found bed of the C. T. & O. in the night, and could not be found. Such an astounding thing had never occurred on the road before, or perhaps on any other road.

We could not sanely conceive that anything so ponderous as a freight train could melt into thin air, or that any one could possibly steal and carry away while in transit, seventeen flat cars loaded with steel rails; but, beyond question, seventeen cars out of the eighteen, comprising the train when it started across the division were lost.

Up in the trainmaster's office at Truxon there was consternation, especially in my youthful bosom, as dispatcher, I had been entering the movements of Number Thirteen and other trains on the division during the first trick, which is from midnight until eight o'clock in the morning of the twenty-four in which the mystery began.

Truxon station was at division point, the trainmaster's headquarters and office of the chief superintendent of the greater division. East and west from Truxon we ordered the trains over approximately two hundred miles of track.

When I reported on duty, through freight Number Thirteen had been off the Illinois tracks upon the track stretching across the state of Iowa. In fact, three hours before, on reaching a branch road, which was being constructed near the Missouri river, had proceeded some forty miles over a new, first division when I sat down to the train sheets, in some three hours, or near three o'clock in the morning, she was due in Truxon.

She came on all right until the last night operator, a boy at Sabers, fourteen miles south of Truxon, reported her out. That was at 3 a. m. I marked her on the blackboard "On time," for the benefit of the yard crew and the train crew who were to take her on west.

So no train was due at his station before five o'clock. To my astonishment, he said:

"What train is this getting past?"

"Train going east? You must be asleep and talking in a dream," I retorted.

"No, sir, I haven't been sleeping—" he began.

"Then you're dreaming awake, for there's no train, scheduled or special, due to pass your station at this time of night," I said.

"Well, I tell you a train just passed here! It was going east, running about forty miles an hour, and the caboose was pulling it," he answered.

I threw myself back in my chair and laughed at the picture conjured up in my mind was so ridiculous. But suddenly my open mouth became still with a gasp, and I started at the chattering instruments on the table.

A train going east, and a caboose pulling it! That must be Number Thirteen running away going down Crane River grade! I sprang up excitedly, sat down again, and jerked the ...-breaker open.

"What did the train look like?" I asked.

"... the caboose pretty plain, but the ... the train looked like a streak. It was ... and, and I didn't get out on the platform quick enough to see much of it. It was a train though, sure—"

At that Tooley, the next station east of Truxon, broke in and began calling me. I was surprised, for there was no night operator at Tooley. It was the day man. He said:

"Number Thirteen's gone by here. They hunted me up and got me out of bed. Train too heavy for grade into Truxon; losing time; cut off head end of rails here. Was throwing car in on side-track when balance of train ran past; conductor was up ahead, seeing cut ... off. He expected hind brakeman to hold train; only the hind man on train, up in caboose ... may have fallen asleep. Conductor ... ginger want orders to go after their ...

I opened the circuit-breaker and beg[an] ... the splash. The mental specs of a dispatcher must of necessity be swift and accurate, and in moments of crisis very alive indeed.

If we have not the faculty of seeing before him, mentally, every rod of track on our division—curves, grades, sidings, levels, ever thing—then he has missed his calling.

He must know approximately the capacity of every engine, its speed and pulling strength, and also the character of each conductor and engineer, and must keep in mind the number and nature of the cars in their trains. Otherwise he cannot intelligently make passing and meeting points.

I knew the track, no matter what its length, is almost entirely made up of grades. Although it seems, when viewed what at hand, so very smooth and level, it is in fact a series of waves, long and short, according to the nature of the country which it passes. To the dispatcher, the grades of his division are of prime concern, for there is where trains are pulled in two and stalling, often destroy the calculations respecting meeting points.

In the present case, my first impulse was to give the engine at Tooley orders to go after the runaway train, but I paused, sorely aware that great care must be observed. A mile east of Truxon the general face of the land began to fall toward the Crane River, and the natural trend of the track was downward until the bridge spanning the river was reached, nineteen miles away; then the track began to ascend, climbing almost imperceptibly for some fifteen miles, when the high prairie was reached again. There were but few spots on the down grade where more or less cars could be trusted to stand still without its brakes having been fitted to it.

Obviously the heavy train of steel would gain terrific speed if it were in the middle of the grade when it broke away, from its own momentum, run eastward far up the other grade. Then, too, I pictured a special engine racing across Crane River at westward and up the grade on the other side, and there was no end to it until it settled at the lowest point, near the bridge.

But would it go unchecked? Would the brakeman, if asleep, awake and set the brakes. Would he not abandon the runaway, fearing that it might leave the rails? If the engine proceeded down the grade, it might plunge into the river with a car load.

I called the night operator at Windsom, the second station east of Crane River, and ordered him to hold all west-bound trains. Next I ordered Thirteen's engine to run wild to Crane River, and the crew to jump with extreme care, creeping slowly down the Crane with a keen lookout.

This the engineer did, realizing fully the peril of collision; but to my amazement, nearly two hours afterward they reported from Windsom that they had found the caboose, but no trace of the runaway train.

As Windsoon was at the extreme edge of the up-grade east of the valley of the Crane, and the night operator had seen no sign or sound of the cars, I was astonished beyond expression. How could the train have left the steel rails? That had been at the east end of the string of cars; the engine had approached it from the west, and knew that the rails were all right. They must have jumped clear of the track. I thought, at the time, that they must have run along the right of way. Perhaps they were in Crane River.

I pushed an electric button, ringing a bell in the trainmaster's sleeping apartment at his residence. In a moment I was at the telephone. I explained the situation. He was dumfounded.

He told Number Thirteen's crew to return westward, examining the sidings," he said. "Have the roundman get Sickles and Archer up. Be ready to go with a wrecking train at once if needed."

When I gave the order to roadman this order I told him also to notify the division superintendent of the puzzling situation. I then sat down and wired Thirteen's crew to come west from Windsoon as far as Sabers, watching the track both sides of the track and looking particularly at sidings and switches, although this seemed sheer nonsense, for how could seventeen cars of steel rails skip the track and leave no evidence of work? However, it would be something for Thirteen's crew to do.

For a few minutes I sat thinking intently. Could it be possible that the train had gone off on the abandoned coal track down by Crane River? Preposterous! The switch was off and spiked.

There was a story about this piece of track, and it suddenly took strong hold of my mind. I had been told—for I had myself been dispatching at Truxon less than a year—that the track had been laid several years before by a man who owned a large tract of land in the Crane valley, and who had discovered a vein of coal underlying the abutting hills. The track was some two miles in length, leaving the main line just west of Crane River bridge, running down the river on a falling grade for a mile or more, then ascending slightly until the end of the rails was reached. Two mines were mined on the spur, one half-way down the track and the other near the upper terminal.

The gentleman who had built the little road and opened the mines had involved himself deeply, but doubtless would have remained solvent had it not been for very bad treatment by the railway company. Other mines were discovered on the C. T. & O., and in those mines certain officials of the road were financially interested. Hence discriminating rates were made against the Crane River mines, and Mr. Furvall, their owner, was crushed into bankruptcy. The switch was then spiked and the track left to silence and decay.

Soon after this lamentable occurrence, Mr. Furvall died. Mrs. Furvall then, in behalf of herself and only son, a lad now sixteen years of age, had instituted legal action against the C. T. & O. for conspiracy and unlawful discrimination, and after persistent litigation had won a verdict which allowed heavy damages.

But months had passed, and though legal obstructions raised by the railroad company and the plaintiffs had not yet been able to collect their bill of damages. The lady and her son lived in a little house near Crane River bridge.

This story in substance, had been told me one day by Singer, a brother-dispatcher, after a dark-eyed, resolute-looking youth had come out of the division superintendent's office. The boy's face had shone white with anger and resignation. Glancing from the window, I saw him mount a horse and ride away on a gallop toward Crane River.

It's a curious, the way those people have been treated!" muttered Singer, frowning at the train sheet before him. "The company had been looted to the tune of that boy's property."

The story made its way swiftly through my mind as I bent over the train sheet. Was it possible that young Furvall, bitter from his outrage at his father's hand, in some mysterious manner, diverted the train of steel from the eastward track and backed it down? Such a feat seemed utterly beyond probability.

However, I had been endowed with omniscience I should have been ignorant of a very strange thing. I should have seen a youth riding like the wind through the moonlight along a road that paralleled the track of the C. T. & O., some three miles east of Crane River, and I should have known that the hour was about two o'clock in the morning, and that the boy's chin was set sternly, and that by reason of a brooding gloom in his brain and a discouraged and sore heart he was the victim of the soft ... ies which make the middle of the night a time of awe and mystery. The boy had been to see the mother of Rosalind Ives, ten miles to the southeast, and the uncle had ...ed:

"Don't whimper! Don't whine! Give up the fight. How can a woman and a boy, with almost no means at command, expect to win in a contest with the millionaires of money with which to gann their ends? Nonsense! You have a judgment in the lower courts. I admit, but you cannot collect it. The company will carry the matter to the highest court, and by that time they will beat you. If I had plenty of money I would help you, but it is locked up in bonds."

So the boy in grief and anger had ridden homeward, mentally cursing all the world, and especially the railroad. There seemed no justice in the world. What could he do?

Suddenly a plan came to him. A plan that stunned him, then thundering round the curve from the east, jarring the earth and waking a tumult of echoes in the deep woods on the valley boy. The Mark Sores rushed and plunged, but when the train had passed the intense quiet and the boy lapsed into thought again. Three quarters of an hour later they were within a mile of Sabers when Archer, who was riding along in the track, but this time from the west, and the caboose was pulling it.

The youth stared in amazement, and the horse snorted and plunged. Suddenly the boy whipped his beast into a headlong run toward Crane River bridge.

"It's my chance! The judgment! the judgment!" he thought. "That is a runaway train! There's no one on it! It will come back down the grade fifteen or twenty miles before I can switch—to the switch! O Jack, take me there! Life down to it! Fly!" He leaned forward over

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# The Lost Train.

(Continued.)

the horse's neck until he almost shouted in its ears.

In two minutes they had struck the level at near the river, and in three minutes more they were at the bridge. There the boy sprang from the panting horse, and running into a clump of willows, brought out a sledge-hammer and a claw-bar.

Hurrying with all speed to the switch of the east-going track, he thrust the claws under the head of a spike, and throwing his weight on the bar, drew the great nail from the wooden tie. In like manner he drew each of the spikes that held the switch rails fast; then unlocking the switch with a key he got from his pocket, he pried the rails over and wiffed white of face and breathing hard.

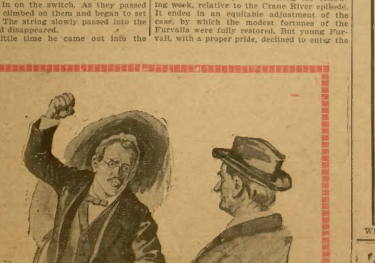
He looked across the field to his mother's house and saw a light burning in the window. "She is waiting for me," he thought. "A part of the wrong done to her shall be righted tonight."

In a few minutes he heard the train coming down the long, soft grade from the east. He turned quickly, and calling the horse, mounted and stood ready. The string of flat cars slackened its speed as it came in upon the coal spur. To his surprise, there was no caboose attached to the train. He wondered what had become of it.

As the train passed him, he rode after it along the track, following it a gallop as it descended the slight grade and until, after nearly a mile, it began to ascend. Then he flung himself from the horse at a switch, turned the target and waited again.

In a few minutes the cars came creeping back down the grade and, grinding and chuckling, rolled in on the switch. As they passed the boy, he climbed on them and began to set the brakes. The string slowly passed into the shadows and disappeared.

After a little time he came out into the



The superintendent brought his fist down on his desk with a crash.

moonlight, mounted the horse, and riding back to the main track switch, locked it and drove the spikes back into the holes from which he had drawn them. He then rode resolutely away across the country in the direction of the county-seat.

But I had no knowledge of this as I sat scowling in perplexity at the babbling soundera, with the gray of morning creeping in through the windows. The operator at Windsor was holding all west-bound trains, and I had the signal turned at Truxon on everything going east.

After a time the division superintendent and the trainmaster came into the office together. The former looked flushed and excited, the latter cool, but intent and curious.

"Have you heard from them?" asked the train-master, running quick eyes up and down the train sheet. He was a grizzled, vigorous veteran, used to solving, and to solving problems of the track.

"No, sir, but I'm expecting a report from Sabers at any moment."

The superintendent knit his bushy brows and looked at me. "Have you any idea where these cars are?" he demanded, with vexation.

"No, sir, unless they are in Crane River," I replied.

"Bosh!" he exclaimed, and strode into his private office.

A half-hour later Sabers called me. "Thirteen's engine and caboose here," he said. "Conductor and fireman no trace of the train."

"Did he look at the coal spur?"

"Yes; the coal is all dug and soiled. He says he could see the entire length of the spur, and there is not a car in sight."

The superintendent had come out and was standing behind my chair. Both he and the trainmaster read the message and looked at each other in silence for a moment, and I saw a gleam of something like fear pass across their faces. Hard-headed and practical as they were, clearly this phenomenon disturbed them. It had the aspect of something supernatural, of the interference of forces beyond human control and knowledge.

The superintendent suddenly turned, entered his office, and closed the door; and the train-master, walking to a window, stood looking out with an odd expression on his face. I went on giving orders to trains at other points of the division. Suddenly the trainmaster threw up the window-sash and shouted to the yard-master, "Get out an engine! I want you to go with me to Crane River!"

Three hours afterward they returned from the search. "Well!" said the superintendent, as they entered the office.

The trainmaster grinned in crestfallen fashion. "That Furvall boy has won," he said. "He has the train in the middle coal-mine of the spur. You know that mine is a drift directly into the base of a hill. By using gravity and the grades, he has run the train into the tunnel. The sheriff and a constable are in charge of the train. All the cars are chained to the track and have notices of attachment nailed to them. The boy's mother sells some five acres of ground at that point. The train is on her property. Looks as if we were in for it."

The superintendent brought his fist down on his desk with a crash and fairly exploded with rage. After a time he began to laugh. He wrote several messages to general headquarters, but tore them up.

"Say, Bryne," he shouted to the trainmaster, who had gone to his desk in the outer office, "hadn't I better advise settlement and take that boy on the road, eh?"

"Do as you please about settling, but I'm going to get that boy into my department, if he'll come, providing you don't get hold of him first," laughed Bryne.

The superintendent smiled and began writing. "Say, what became of that rear brakeman?" he suddenly asked.

"He apparently uncoupled the caboose near Windson, got it stopped, set a red light on the track east of it to warn the passenger, then skipped out across the country. He's so frightened I suppose he's going yet. I'd like to get hold of him," said Bryne.

Many messages passed between our office and general headquarters during the following week, relative to the Crane River episode. It ended in an equitable adjustment of the case, by which the modest fortunes of the Furvalls were fully restored. But young Furvall, with a proper pride, declined to enter the service of a road which had so wronged his father. Instead, he studied law, and is now a rising practitioner, as resourceful and courageous as when he fought a railway and won.—Youth's Companion.

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"Not much," said the self-made Mr. Spuddington; "you can't have her."

He brought his fist down hard upon his desk as he said these cruel words, and Alfred Harrison Crosby staggered back like one who looks at the tape just after he has invested his first $500 on a tip for a sure rise in A. & G. He had hoped—fondly hoped—that his well-known habits of sobriety and the highly moral life he had always lived would have served to win for him the favor of the sturdy old captain of industry whose name he now faced. He had gone into John H. Spuddington's private office feeling that he was about to carry out a mere formality. He would not have been more surprised or pained, therefore, if instead of saying a word in reply, the old man had dashed a bucket of cold water over him. When he could speak the astonished lover said:

"But—but, Mr. Spuddington, I hope you know that I have the most contemptuous pity in my habits."

"I don't expect means O. K.," the beautiful girl's father answered, "I know it."

"Permit me, sir, to call your attention to the fact that I may say the important fact—that I was third in my class at college."

"That's all right, I s'pose, as far as it goes."

"I come of a proud old family, Mr. Spuddington. I can trace my ancestry back to——"

"Anybody that wastes time tracin' his ancestry back these days can't butt ahead very far. This is no time for goin' back unless there's money in it, and there's another thing I'll tell you. That letter you wrote yesterday sayin' you was comin' to see me you addressed to me at Chicago, Illinois. Any fool that wastes time writin' out Illinois when it would go just as well if he made an I and a jerk ain't the boy for my girl. Git out, I'm in a hurry this mornin'."


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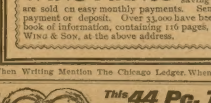

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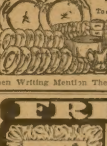

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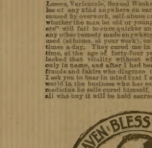


I am the same Geo. S. Beck, living at 420 South Market Street, Springfield, Ohio, who is hated by every Electric Belt Impostor, Free Cure Fraud, Nervous Tonic, Free Prescription Fake, and Doctor by Mail humbug in America because they know I never in what I have exposed their infamous schemes. Their only object in life is to get your money, and the fellows (and there who are notably such as that they are) associate them with their imprudent letters and lying, filthy circulars, and I, here and now, brand them as frauds, say and all of these frauds and poison distributers in thoroughly affixed that my charges of low villainy and unpayable fraud in any court of law or justice they may select. If you have been a victim of any of these fakirs, know that all my charges against them are true as Gospel.

I beg to assure you on my honor as a man that no matter whether you are married or single, old, young or middle-aged, or no matter whether your weakness or unfortunateness is caused by nervousness, by frequent indulgence in legitimate sexual pleasures, the practice of secret vice, or by excessive use of strong drink or tobacco, the use of my "Wonder-Workers" will assuredly restore you to perfect manhood, and that in every every organ, strengthen every muscle, invigorate every function, and bring to you a perfect and permanent restoration of sexual power, and for the following reasons why "Wonder-Workers" do this in seconds they are a Nerve Food, Nerve Tonic, Nerve Builder, and they do not contain any phosphorus, or liquids fly, or any other of the injurious drugs that are in most remedies sold by the patent medicine fakirs. Remember that "Wonder-Workers" are not a stimulant of any kind, nor under any circumstances, and that a man will not fail to restore natural sexual strength and vigor without any trace of excitement or stimulation of any kind.

Because of the wonderful merit of my "Wonder-Workers," and the fact that I can cure every man as fairly as every respect as though he was my own natural brother, I have decided to make the following offer to every sufferer in the world, no matter where he may live, and I defy any man to whom I send "Wonder-Workers" to say that I have treated him either in any manner, shape or form. If you order "Wonder-Workers" mention this paper, the publisher of which I have authorized to publish me as a friend and consider it a favor if I do so, and as I agree to send it to you at my risk.

The price of "Wonder-Workers" is only One Dollar per box, by mail, in plain wrapper, with full instructions how to use, but I will send it to you on the following express offer. If you send $1.25 I send them by mail prepaid. One sorting yet two cents. If you cannot say (write them me write to any Commercial Agency, Mr. A. B. Dun-Bradstreet, or the Editor of this paper) and write to the bank of which Hon. Asa S. Bushnell, Ex-Gov. of Ohio, is President, as to my standing and that of your friends in

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# THE COMING AND GOING OF SIMON.

BY MRS. M. L. RAYNE.

In a village episodes of seemingly no importance expand to dimensions of events and receive attention quite beyond their dues, just as any excitement is welcomed in a quiet neighborhood. Where the social tenor of existence is pursued to deadly monotony.

The coming of Simon Friend to Evansville was in itself a trifling matter but it was recognized by the whole community with the occasion. Not that Simon was undeserving of some notice, but he was not of the least value as a factor in village affairs, had no letters of introduction, and his only recommendation lay in the fact that he furnished a relief from boredom. He was persona gratis with the townspeople only as his vagaries supplied them with amusement and curiosity.

Even the manner of his arrival in Evansville furnished the leading lights of the village with much speculative thought. He had drifted in during a blizzard, coming from no one knew where, and had settled down overnight, had taken a clerkship in the leading grocery store, among a half dozen lounging who had a brevet right even to meet at their favorite rendezvous. They were carelessly dressed, guiltless of collars or neckties but evinced a degree of comfort in the rest under which he slept and had optimism. Simon accepted the facetious notice of conversion and greeted him with the fraternal freedom which he extended to every man and other. They noticed, too, that he was a lamester, that he was poorly dressed, but clean, and had none of the earmarks of the pestilent brother, the tramp. So they offered him tobacco and gave him room for such a share of the coal stove. Not until then did he speak, and then only uttered a single "Howdy."

Then he laid aside his pipe and looked at the little group that were regarding him with acute curiosity. He glanced from one to the other, breathed a sigh of content as he asked the one nearest to him, "What did you reckon?"

He had refrained from answering the questions addressed to him further than the little company denied him in their minds the ability of speech, and the man spoken to started and said:

"I didn't remark. We are waiting for you to remark. You see, we don't catch your name when you came in, and, as you're a stranger in these parts, we want to make acquainted it gives us the advantage of you."

"My name is Simon, friend," said the stranger, in a high falsetto voice. I reckon that makes it handy for you to call me when I'm here?"

"Simon Friend," repeated the other, laboring under an absurd misapprehension, "that's a right good name, Mr. Friend. An' what might you be a-doing?"

Same as yours," replied the squeaky voice, "at present I'm engaged in fraud, but we're all in the same business here."

"Stranger," said the other, with a voice.

"Don't have to try," responded Mr. Friend at the stranger had not interrupted him, named. "I see you're all a-guessin'. Now, I can aise you all up a'ready. I'm a-seein' you're a blacksmith, Mr. Slade, and because an' you're th' undertaker. There ain't nary doctor nor lawyer in Evansville."

"Blamed if the critter isn't right," said the one he had called a doctor, "now, what how's your business; same's ours?"

"Ain't we all loafin'?"

"But we don't have puttin' in spare time. What you do when you work?"

"I don't work," answered Simon, as if he were announcing a welcome truth; "did you never hear that the devil finds lame and the lazy are alike provided for?"

"What lamed ye?" asked the storekeeper taking an unkind part in the conversation for the first time.

"Rheumatiz. Jaw' it turrible in my right leg. Can't sleep nights nor work days. Turrible."

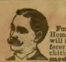
"I've got a bottle of patent medicine that is warranted to cure the rheumatiz," said the storekeeper, reaching for one over a top shelf, "you kin have it if you'll climb for it —there's a stepladder right behind you."

But Simon shook his head. "I can't climb, or I could. I wouldn't be lamed then."

One of the men volunteered to get the bottle which Simon might examine at his ease of interest. But as he dropped it into his coat pocket he took from the same receptacle a small object, which he held in a bit of rough wood which he put to his lips and apparently the pipe, and with a series of music that charmed the listeners with their attentiveness. Then, as they were scolding that night for being out so late, and when the advent of the lame stranger at his humble cottage was the only calming was offered in apology then all the women left on the subject of Simon Friend. They called him a lazy vagabond and threatened to make him do but to hold him. But it was not a week before they were trying to get a pen at him, and the genius of women that could get over him, by which sign they knew him for an old bachelor.

It soon became apparent that Evansville without its Simon would be flatness without its Dance. Every social, public, private object that had drifted in among them he waxed fat and unscrupulously "kicked." Nothing was too good for him, and his lameness and rheumatism were declared a pathetic burden. But he entertained the whole—at least the male part of it. He told stories that every grandfather had known in his youth as if they had happened to him, changing them just enough to make them fit in. He played all the old airs and many of the new ones on his mouth organ, which he made to imitate every known musical instrument. And as a reward he lived in clover. True, his "apartments" was over a stable, but it was warm and comfortable, and if his food did not come to him he shut himself up and swilled until the best of everything eatable was provided. A whole year he lived there like a pasha, and then two calamities happened. The first one was personal—Simon fell and broke his leg. He would not be moved from the walk where a runaway team had thrown him until the doctor, who was his friend and chum, came himself; then he had everyone sent off, and, leaning on the doctor and dragging the broken limb, he hobbled to his lodging near by. There the doctor sashed him to bed, set the broken members and underwent such care of Simon as he could give him in off hours. And just about the time Simon of Evansville, led by the doctor's sister, went off on a still hunt.

Simon's room now became the place de resistance in the make-up of the village. The broken leg kept the entertainer in bed, but offered no obstacle to social enjoyment. Nothing was imbibed stronger than hard cider, but conviviality obtained just the same and the doctor watched the case and took care of his patient. He told the crowd that the broken leg was knitting fast and almost any day Simon would be up and around. Then he would leave his patient for a week's rest to the express office. Something or someone interested was expected. The second calamity was the last of poor Simon. He heard it coming and would have stamped out the footsteps but his chums were using his prostrate form for a card table



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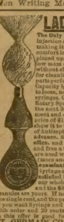

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### Blighted His Prospects.

"I am afraid that I once spoiled a good book agent," said the head member of a book agency to a Detroit Free Press man. "We had got out an expensive religious book, and had advertised for agents to handle it.

"Among the numerous applicants was a tall, lanky youth. I asked him if he thought he could sell books, and he said he reckoned he could.

"'Very well,' said I. 'I'll see what you can do. Take this book and consider that I am your intended victim. The price of the book runs from $2 to $4, but you must always endeavor to sell the highest-priced book, although it is no disgrace if you only succeed in selling the cheaper kind. If you succeed in selling me a book, I will hire you. Now, go ahead.'

"He took the book, fumbled it awkwardly, and then stammered, 'Ye don't wanter buy a book, do ye, mister?'

"I smilingly answered that I did not.

"'Beter buy one,' said he, 'I'll sell it to ye pretty cheap.'

"'Get out of here,' I yelled, pretending to be mad. 'Don't you see that sign, "Book Agents Not Wanted?"'

"'I'll let ye have one for $4, mister, seein' it's you,' he said, taking off his coat and throwing it on the floor.

"'I'm afraid——' I began.

"'Four dollars, mister, an' cheap at the price,' he added, as he rolled up his shirt sleeves.

"I didn't like the looks of all these warlike proceedings and declared the test off. But he refused, and gave me three minutes to dig up the price of the book.

"While I was trying to make the fellow understand that the joke had gone far enough, he jumped at me.

"'I didn't stand the ghost of a show with the husky youth, and I soon found myself on the floor, with the would-be agent sitting upon me, saying something about a book he would sell me 'powerful cheap.' To save my life, I consented to buy one of the $2 kind. He said he was very sorry, but he only sold the $4 kind.

"He allowed me to get one hand loose, and I produced $4, whereupon he released me, and wanted to know how soon he could go to work.

"I kept my word and hired him, sent him as far west as I could, and then discharged him by wire.

### About to Promise Too Much.

"It was during the war of the Rebellion," said the diffident and blushing assistant rector, addressing the Young People's Friday Night Prayer Meeting, "that a company of Union soldiers were ordered to take a rebel battery. Quickly they sprang to the charge, but alas! before they reached the guns, they broke and fled ignominiously. That is, all except a certain corporal, who rushed in, seized a gunner by the throat, and carried him off, an astonished captive. And when the company reached the little clump of woods, from whose shelter they had started, they gathered around the gallant corporal, and asked him where he had got his prisoner and how he had managed to capture him. 'I went and took him,' said said the hero modestly. 'Ah, boys, why didn't you keep on? There was a man for every one of you.'

"And so I say to you, my dear young christian soldiers," continued the rector, fervently, "there is a man for every one of you in this world. Yes; my dear young brothers, there is a man for every one of you here. Yes; my dear young sisters, there is—er—there is—er—there is work for you all in the vineyard of the Lord. Let us now sing the 425th hymn:

"'Oh, save me from the careless word,
The swift, unbidden thought;
And make me always think and speak
Exactly as I ought.'"

And the young assistant sat down with intensely relieved expression and mopping his burning brow.

### It's Coming to This.

The court room was crowded when the chief witness took the stand. On his testimony depended the issue in the case, and as he raised his hand in affirmation there was an intense silence. It was broken by the district attorney, who, in a trembling voice, asked the witness to fix the date on which he had last seen the accused.

"Well, sir," said the witness, "on last Washington's birthday I was——"

"One moment, please," interrupted the court. "You say this was on Washington's birthday. Can you not fix the date more definitely?"

"I can," replied the witness. "On the day before the arrival of Prince Henry."

The suspense was broken.

### Was Overweight.

"I wish I knew of a good way to raise bread," remarked the wife as she tackled one of her biscuits at the breakfast table.

"Why not try a derrick, my dear?" suggested the brutal other half of the combination.


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# FOR YOUTHFUL EYES

## "Blinkey" the Toad.

BY CYNTHIA WESTOVER ALDEN.

Whack! bang! bang! whack! Blinkey moved one little "paddy-paw" and then another—that is, he managed to wiggle his toes just the tiniest bit. Then he opened his eyes, or he thought he did, but not a thing could he see. Bank, whack, bang, whack; everything about him trembled, and Blinkey's heart gave a great flop. "What can be the matter," he thought. Again he made an effort to move, but with the same result.

Bang, bang, bang! "I guess it is a volcano," thought Blinkey, for up he went into the air and fell back again in a blaze of light. But think as his eyes as he would, he was truly blinded with the brilliancy of everything.

He had no time to wonder more before he heard a big, deep, rough, but pleasant, thrilling voice cry out: "Father, father! look, look! That toad jumped right out of that rock you busted."

"Nonsense," exclaimed the man, without turning his head, and he went on breaking more rock with his big miner's hammer and drill.

"But, see, he did; he did! here's where he was and see how he flew."

Poor Blinkey was rudely taken up by the ugly boy and squeezed back into the hole in the rock, and the piece that had been knocked off was made to fit over him.

"I wonder why I can't see," thought Blinkey, "and who are these terrible creatures who handled me so roughly."

He listened and soon learned all he wanted to know and a little more.

The man was the boy's father, now thoroughly curious. "Did he really come out of this?" The old man moved his head and examined it with the critical eye of an expert mineralogist.

"It is a treat break sure as certain. Can it be possible? See how the half of the rock showed the perfect impression of Mr. Toad. There was his head, body and little feet. Why, all so plain. Those little toes are carefully he saw the perfect bed in which the little critter had lain for long years. Well, well, well, Peter, Peter, you're a lucky boy."

"I must have been soft mud when he first got in it? How long has he been there and how long did he live? All questions that Blinkey would have answered.

"He must be a million years old," said the boy calmly, as he sat down to eat at the time of Noah's flood. Wonder if he tried to get into the ark and was thrown overboard?"

This suggestion greatly offended Blinkey, and he gave a decided kick, and went down into the soft dirt at the boy's feet.

"Let him go, for he is old."

Hop! Of course he could. Blinkey tried his best to escape, but after a few leaps made he was seized by the big giant, put into the empty dinner pail and covered up for security.

"If I can make people believe that he came out of this rock," thought Toad, "appearances air tight, we can get a lot of good for Science," and he did.

"It seems to me," thought Blinkey, "that I remember that boys are very wicked. One was very like this one who was so rough with me. If I have been asleep a million years I am not going to wake up never to be beaten by a boy. I'll play dead and they will throw me away. Then I'll hop back to where I think it is convenient." But his little trick failed.

It was supper time when the miner opened the pail to dine with his boy. Lots of students fresh from the college in Springfield, but if ever there was a freshman Peter declared they could tell from the appearance of his soft and light hair. Blinkey did a little information might be. Well, Mr. Toad was handled and turned and pinched and examined from every point, from the granular white mark on his back. This mark took the eyes of a professor.

"Never saw anything like it," said the old miner, "if the toad Science can't find out I should say that it had taken fully a thousand years to form the strata in which we find this particular rock."

"There's the rock, and there's Blinkey. My, how he bats his eyes. I must be dreaming or wondering over us as much as we are over him."

Not so with Blinkey. He had spied a fly, and million years or not, for years, he was going to have it. He threw out from his mouth a curious net-like lasso, and the agile fly disappeared down the toad's throat.

One of the students gave the miner five dollars for Blinkey, and carefully packed in a paper box he was carried back to the college. Another of the boys gave $2 for the rock, though it was heavy and had to be sent back in a crate and at great expense. The rock went into the museum, and Blinkey was given a home in the backyard of the college grounds. A corner was specially prepared for him. Little depressions were made in the ground and covered with pieces of board. In these holes he would take his naps. In the day time when the sun shone the hottest he would lie in wait for the insects that crawled about, when not destroying the fruit and grain in the neighborhood.

He had many admirers in the students, but little he cared for that, though he did have cause to be most grateful to Tommy Brower, who arrived one morning just in time to rescue him from the clutches of a ragmuffin, who was carrying Blinkey off to the president of the Farmer's club. This man had offered fifty cents each for toads just to put on his farm to keep the dreaded insects off his garden patches.

Finally it came time for the young man who sewed Blinkey to go to his home on the Susquehanna, in Pennsylvania. He took the toad with him and fixed him up, as he thought, most beautifully in the garden, where there were several others about, but surely Blinkey was a bright toad and would know how to take care of himself. He had a little wooden tag tied to his right leg. On it was the name and address of his owner, and three times he stood and three times some boys brought him home. But one day he came no more.

He fell into one of the deep holes and could not get out. He remained there days and had just about made up his mind to go to sleep for another million years, when he was shocked almost senseless by a stone that fell on his head. When, what was this? Why, it was Tommy Brower and ant.

"I had boy, I guess," and Blinkey hugged the earth tight. But it was no bad boy. It was a naughty one, but that had removed from the very first over the attention the master gave the toad. The magpie was frightened very fast. but he had been shicked and laughed and laughed and laughed at, and he had to tell the story he told in a hole. He ambled about and collected quite a party of crows and flapped them down on the toad.

Blinkey tells the story as follows:

"Well, there were louder every minute after she found me. She did not allow anything else to get her from me. Then a new giant stone would fall on me from her beak she should deliver a perfectly croak and flap her wings in high glee. Then she would lean over the edge of the hole and laugh. It was then I called the pit into which I had fallen—and laugh and laugh, and then I laughed at her. Then she would peck. Pebbles are terrible things when they fall one after the other on you from the head. Madame saw her from his study window and came out to see what was the matter with the horrid meant. It was work for "Magpie." While she was on the bottom of this hole.

"Ho, Blinkey, is that you?" he screamed. "Is this where you live? Ho, ho, ho, ho," and he laughed till his sides most split. "Blinkey, whatever is the matter with you?" as I do at others. I saw little fun in "Magpie," and I told him so, and nothing more. Master caught her as she came up with the biggest stone of all, and then reached down and pulled me out. He seemed to him a lot of very bad names, but he either did not understand me or would not care for it, for he laughed very loud and very long. That night he put me in a wire cage in the garden, and there I have lived ever since."

He often asks me this question—almost every day—but I don't know how to answer unless he lets me out, perhaps you can.

"Now, Toady, if you should fall into a well, forty feet deep and could only get up one foot every day and fall back two every night, how long would it take you to get out?"

How can I tell if he does not let me try it?

### The Cunning Spider.

If you anchor a pole in a body of water, leaving a few inches above the surface, and put a spider upon it, he will exhibit a marvelous intelligence by his plans of escape. At first he will climb to the top and spin a long line, hang to one end, while he allows the other to float out with the wind. The hope that it will strike some object. Of course, this plan is a very frequent failure. The line results until the wind changes, perhaps, and then sends another silken bridge from the pole to another object. Another failure is followed by several other similar attempts until the spider, seeing the coming rain, has been tried.

He further the resources nor the resources power of the spider are exhausted. He climbs to the top of the pole and energetically sets to work to construct a silken balloon. He has no hot air with which to inflate it, but he has the power of making it buoyant. When he gets his balloon finished, he does not go off on the mere supposition that it will carry him, as men often do, but he fastens it to a guy rope. To the end of which he attaches to the inland pole upon which he is a prisoner. He then gets into his balloon-vehicle, waits for a favor, and tests it to see whether its dimension are capable of bearing his weight.

He sometimes finds that he has made it too small, in which case he hauls it down, takes it apart and constructs it on a larger and better plan. A spider has been seen to make three different balloons before he became satisfied with his experiment. Then he will get in, let his guy rope and sail away to land as gracefully and supremely independent of his surroundings as could be imagined.

Tess—I detest apples, don't you?

Jess—O, no. Every time I put on a nice new gown I'm thankful that there was no apple for Eve to eat.


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